

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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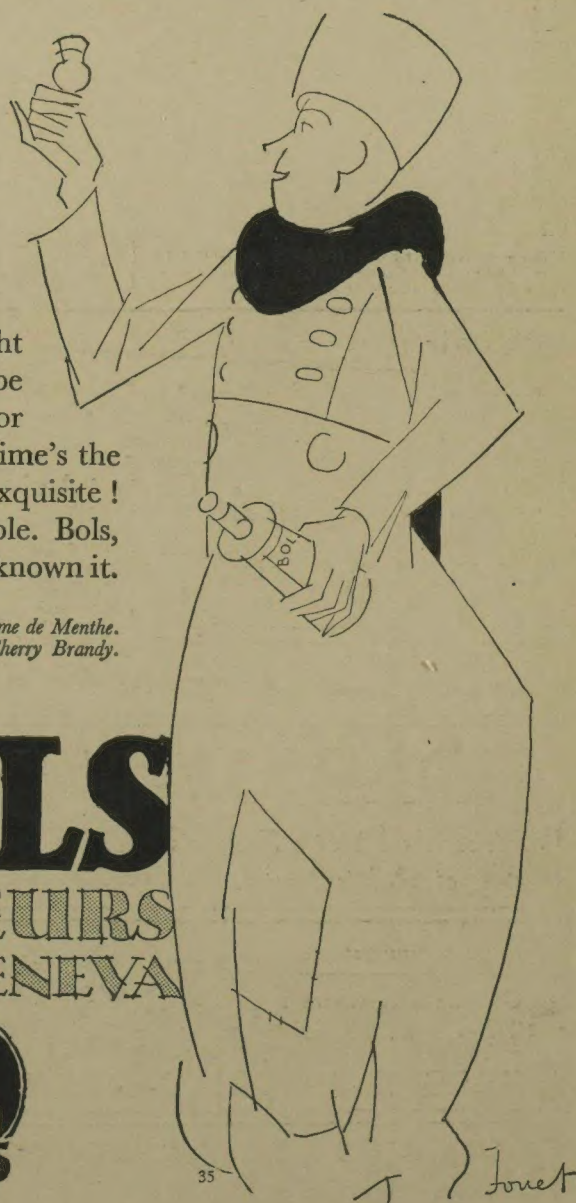
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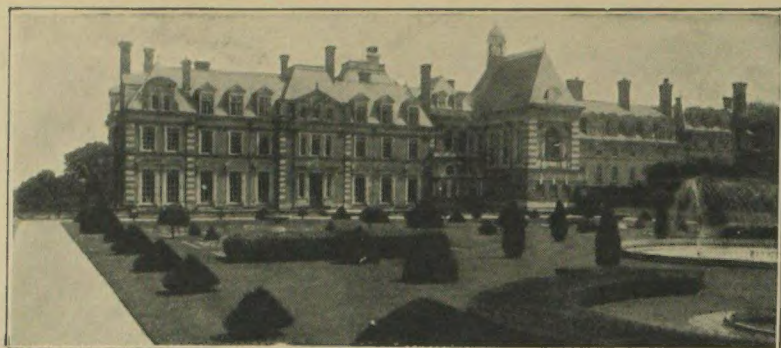
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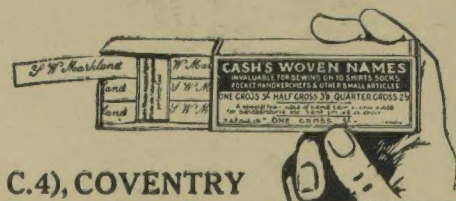
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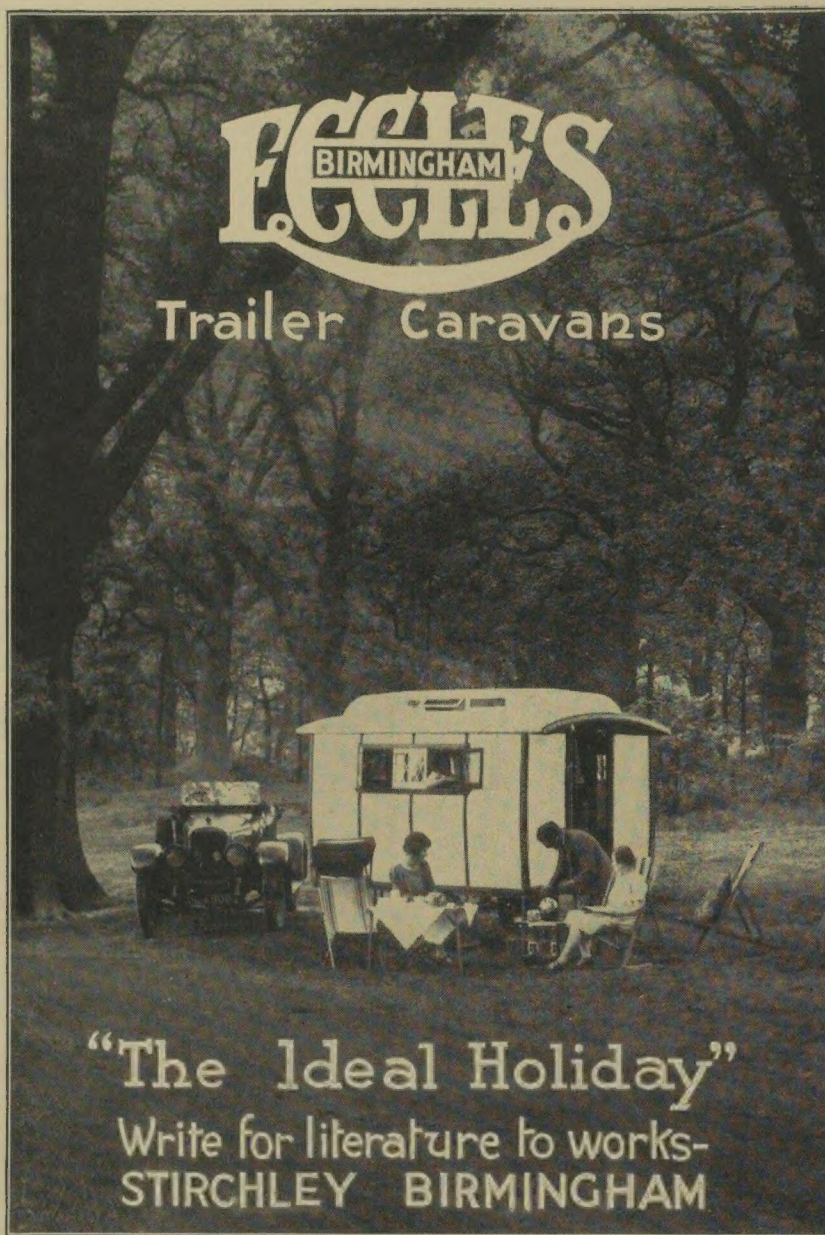
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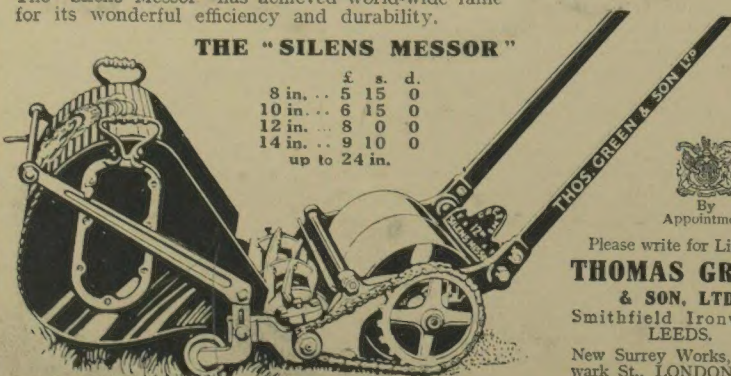
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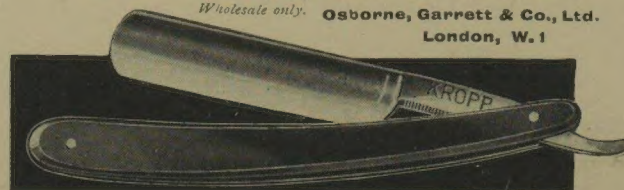
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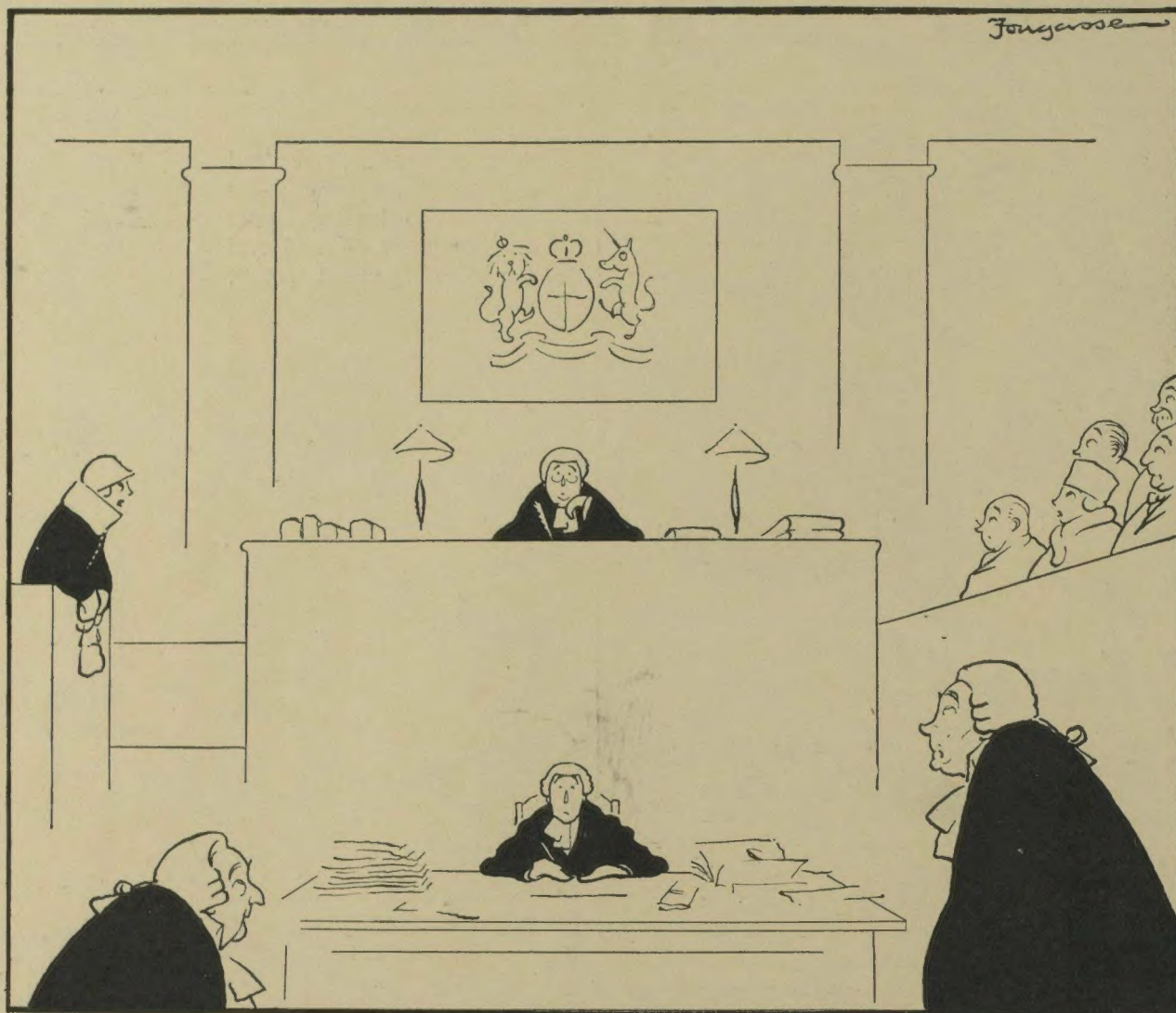
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MOMENTS OF MISERY



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THE COURT OF LAW.

The Smell of dust and ink and old books,
 The Twelve dogfaces in the jury,
 The Scratch of the Judge's pen,
 The strain of remembering to tell the truth, the whole truth, and
 nothing but the truth, and what the lawyers told you yesterday,
 The lean, grey, legal faces,
 The fat, yellow, legal faces,
 The whispered consultations,
 The used - up air,

AND

WORST OF ALL — NO ABDULLAS!

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1930.

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A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: THE "DEPARTURE PLATFORM" FOR OVERSEAS—AT CROYDON AERODROME.

This photograph, taken from the exit traversed by all air passengers embarking at Croydon Aerodrome, shows the tranquil conditions in which an air trip from London is begun, by contrast to the turmoil of a big railway terminus. Thus it may appropriately be added to the number of photographs which we have published at intervals recently as "Symbols of our Time," illustrating various phases of modern mechanism and invention. In connection with the growing

popularity of air travel, we may recall some interesting particulars published lately regarding the development of the Imperial Airways fleet. This year they will be the first to operate really large "air-liners," accommodating forty passengers, for the service to Egypt. When the building programme is completed, Imperial Airways will have a new squadron of large machines with a total capacity of 440 passengers, in addition to the existing fleet.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

HAVING referred here recently to Mr. Joad, and his lecture on religion, I think it right to say that I have since heard that the lecture was much misrepresented in the newspapers. I am glad that I explained, even in my first article, that my complaint was much more against the newspapers than against the lecture. The journalists in question were quite definite about what Mr. Joad had said, and they apparently admired him for saying it. Mr. Joad seems to deserve an apology from his admirers, even more than from his antagonists. According to the newspaper reports, he said that Science would inevitably destroy Religion in a hundred years. According to his subsequent correction, he said that, if a certain rate of statistical decline continued, the Church of England would cease in about a hundred and fifty years. This, whether true or false, is certainly very different. The difference is important, if only because we might be disposed to doubt whether such a process is likely to continue at exactly the same rate. According to different circumstances, it might be accelerated or it might be actually reversed. I might inform those humanitarians who have a nightmare of new and needless babies (for some humanitarians have that sort of horror of humanity) that if the recent decline in the birth-rate were continued for a certain time, it might end in there being no babies at all; which would console them very much. I might inform those Utopian capitalists (for there are now capitalists more Utopian than any Socialists) who identify Big Business with Big Wages and Work for All, that if wages went on being lowered, at certain intervals, as they have been in the coal and cotton trades, it would end in universal starvation. But, in both cases, my opponents would probably reply that they do not think this tendency would mechanically continue in that direction for all that time. Similarly, a great many things may yet reverse any decline that really does exist (if it really does exist) in any official religion. One of them was the very fact I mentioned in my article: the recent reversal of the argument from physical science. It may take materialists and semi-materialists some time to discover that the bottom has fallen out of the old materialist universe. At present the waverers and the doubters are probably still repeating the doubts of the nineteenth century. What they call their search for truth, and their revolt against tradition, is itself merely traditional. It is amusing to think that even religious people may still be driven to abandon religion by a science which scientists have abandoned.

In any case, as I have explained, even my original quarrel was more with the journalistic version of Joadism than with the Joadist version of Joadism. What I lament is the importance of head-lines and the unimportance of headwork; the eagerness to state a man's views, compared with the carelessness about whether his views are really stated, let alone whether they are really sound. The journalists have got into a sort of rut or routine of revolt; a sort of tame rebellion and timid revolution. And all their revolt is directed against what they call organised religion. It is not directed against any of the hundred other things which are highly organised in our highly organised modern society. It is not directed against organised government, still less against organised misgovernment. It is not directed against organised political corruption or elaborately organised secret societies. It is

needless to say that newspapers are not specially opposed to organised commercial combines; for they are so often organised commercial combines themselves. The only sort of organisation that is attacked is religious organisation; though it is nowadays entirely voluntary, entirely free, entirely moral in its mode of pressure; and though, under modern conditions, it is much more likely to be persecuted than to persecute.

This sort of fashionable prejudice was ready to use the words of Mr. Joad, and apparently equally ready to misuse them. But, even when they are

modern social organisation may have managed somehow to provide him with a little food. There is something that may make him see a special providence in a falling star, or an intense imaginative significance in some sign in heaven, even when the best scientific education has taught him that this earth is the most insignificant of stars, or man the most insignificant of monsters. That is a need never neglected safely, and indeed never neglected for long. To make a culture entirely without that mystical element is like trying to build a dry civilisation in the desert, and forgetting the very existence of water. But that is not a reason for forgetting that even water can be dangerous; that water can be more dangerous than wine. At least, more men have been drowned in water than in wine; the Duke of Clarence was an exception—one is tempted to say a fortunate exception. A wise civilisation will have even water in wells and embanked rivers and reckoned in calculable tides, and will not leave its cities open to the flood any more than the drought. In other words, to recognise the mystical as a normal refreshment is not to abandon ourselves blindly to a natural force, or even to a preternatural force. It is well to remember that it may be preternatural without being supernatural.

There have been a good many mystics in the world. Old John Brown was a mystic when he murdered and mutilated a number of people, and explained afterwards that an inner voice had told him that they had all "committed murder in their hearts." The Mormon was a mystic when he realised, by a new revelation, that the more women he married the more stars there would be in his heavenly crown. The Adamite was a mystic when he ran about naked; and the Albigensian when he starved himself to death to prove his contempt for matter. I have no doubt that the priests of Baal were perfectly genuine mystics when they gashed themselves with knives, and the priests of Moloch when they threw infants into the furnace. The proposal that we should recognise mysticism without recognising any religious order that can make itself responsible for the mystics, seems to me rather more dangerous than remaining in the dry desert of rationalism. One may recognise that there is something a little dry about the Sahara, without throwing oneself into Niagara merely because it is wet. There returns to the memory the tradition of a great voice, speaking even to the great waters: "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

The testimony of Mr. Joad is very valuable, as showing that the most intelligent of the rising generation have seen that mere materialism and negation are already stale, and even stagnant. I have not, and have never had, the smallest desire to underrate the importance of that testimony, still less to misrepresent its actual terms. I apologise to Mr. Joad for having been misled by the journalistic version; I apologise for my fellow-journalists who have not yet apologised. But I think the question still remains, whether a wise man will not in these days suspect the journalistic reputation which flatters him by misrepresenting him. There probably will be a mystical revival, but we have to see that it is sane as well as mystical. The nineteenth century tried to reconcile its reason with religion. The twentieth century may have to reconcile its religion with reason; but it must not reconcile itself merely to being unreasonable.

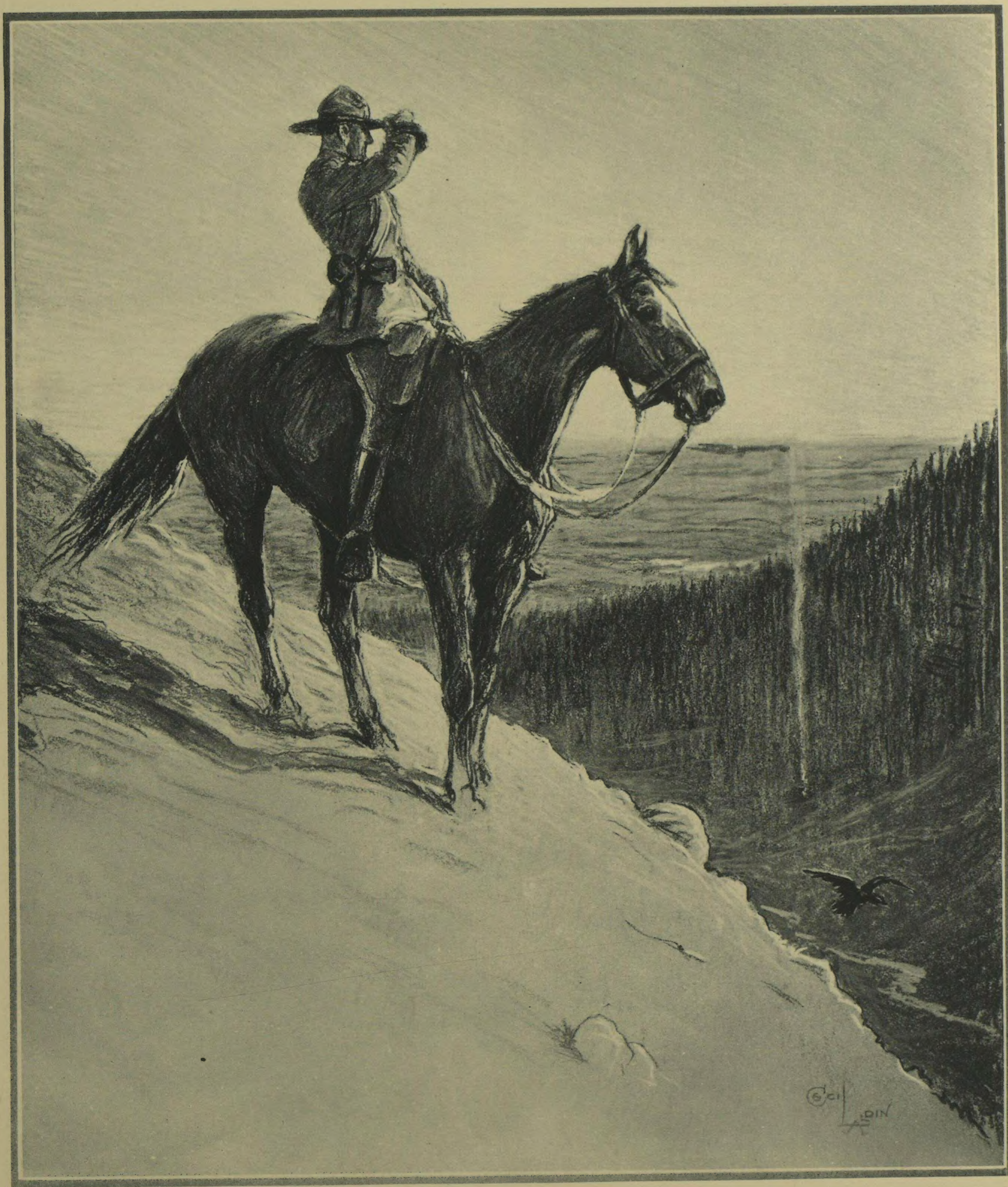


THE JAPANESE ROYAL VISIT TO ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT: PRINCESS TAKAMATSU PLAYING DECK QUOITS DURING THE VOYAGE.

Prince Takamatsu, second brother of the Emperor of Japan, and his young wife, left Yokohama for London on April 21. They are returning the visit paid to Japan by the Duke of Gloucester and his Garter mission. They are due here on July 1, after a brief stay in France and in Switzerland. It is understood that they will be the guests of the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. Later, the Prince and Princess are to go to Spain, where his Imperial Highness will confer the Order of the Chrysanthemum on King Alfonso. They will then continue to tour the Continent, and they will not return to Japan, which they will reach via the United States and Canada, until April or May of next year.

reduced to their real content, they appear to contain this charge against religious organisation, and a proposal to substitute for it something that is called Mysticism. Now, merely substituting Mysticism seems to me to be almost worse than merely substituting Materialism. If there is one thing in the world which I think really needs some sort of organisation, or at least some sort of order, it is Mysticism. There is undoubtedly a deeper element in man than the superficially rational; all men realise that, except the superficial. There is an inner power that alters the values of the outer world. There is something that may make a man fast, when even our admirable

CANADIAN POLICE FOR THE HORSE SHOW: A CECIL ALDIN POSTER.



A FAMOUS ARTIST'S POSTER ILLUSTRATING THE PRINCIPAL ATTRACTION OF THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW :
A MEMBER OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE PATROLLING THE BIG OPEN SPACES OF CANADA.

The central attraction of the nineteenth Annual International Horse Show, which is to be held at Olympia from June 19 to 28, will be the presence of a representative body of that famous force, the North-West Mounted Police, from Canada. This very interesting feature of the occasion has appropriately been chosen by Mr. Cecil Aldin, the well-known sporting and animal artist, as the subject of the picturesque poster (reproduced above) which he has painted for publicity purposes in connection with the Horse Show. The original, of course, is in colours. The scene represented suggests, with very impressive effect, the big open spaces and

the far horizons amid which the Mounted Police so efficiently "carry out their strenuous work. This poster is being produced by Messrs. J. Weiner, Ltd., of London. The jumping competitions at the Horse Show, it may be added, promise to be truly international this year, to judge from some official particulars which we have just received regarding the numerous entries for the Prince of Wales Cup. Among other competitors for this trophy, there will be teams of the Chilean Cavalry and the Hanover Cavalry School, as well as six officers from the Irish Free State.

INSECTS SOME 200,000,000 YEARS OLD: FOSSILS FROM TRIASSIC SANDSTONE BEDS NEAR SYDNEY.



1. NEARLY THE WHOLE OF A SCORPION FLY: A FOSSIL FROM THE HAWKESBURY SANDSTONES NEAR SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

2. is prismatic, closely packed, many-sided columns rise in shape like the columns of the Giant's Causeway or Fingal's Cave. The columns may be small—only an inch or so thick, or more than a foot thick. They may be straight or curved. They may be disposed vertically or at any angle. In the same section they may be placed at angles to one another. The photograph (Fig. 3) was taken at Oxford Falls, about ten miles from Sydney. The face of the quarry is about 25 feet high. The columns at the base are from nine to fifteen inches thick. The columns at the

[Continued in Box 3.]



2. THE HIND-WING OF A LARGE INSECT: A FOSSIL FROM THE HAWKESBURY SANDSTONE BEDS OF THE TRIASSIC EPOCH.

1. The extraordinarily interesting photographs given on these two pages reach us from the Rev. R. T. Wade, who is conducting researches on Australian fish fossils for the Australian National Research Council. Referring to the photographs Nos. 1, 2, 4, and 5, he writes: "From the beds from which I have been getting the fish fossils I have recovered numerous fossil insects. Within the Hawkesbury sandstones of the Sydney Basin, N.S.W., are found certain lenticular beds of a very fine grained shale or mudstone. Such a deposit of shale a few miles north of Manly Beach has furnished a variety of important fossils, amongst them numerous insects, usually as wings only, but not infrequently as both bodies and wings. The beds are considered as of Triassic age, and are some hundred or two hundred million years old." In a special note on No. 3, Mr. Wade writes: "The Hawkesbury sandstones have a number of peculiarities. The feature here to be noted is their prismatic. This prismatic is best seen in quarries opened for obtaining road metal. Usually the sandstone lies in horizontal or slightly inclined beds, but in quarries where it

[Continued in Box 2.]



3. REMARKABLE COLUMNAR FORMATION IN PART OF THE HAWKESBURY SANDSTONE BEDS: A SECTION OF A QUARRY AT OXFORD FALLS, NEAR SYDNEY—SHOWING A "HERRING-BONE" ARRANGEMENT NEAR THE TOP.

3. top give a curious herring-bone effect. . . . The cause of columnar structure in sandstone is not completely known. One factor is certainly heat. Wherever columnar sandstone occurs in the Sydney area, there is found also a volcanic dyke—that is, a wall of rock thrust up from great depths in the earth, in a hot and molten condition. The converse is not true. Many dykes occur without a trace of prismatic in adjacent sandstones. About three hundred of these dykes are known in and near Sydney, and it is remarkable in most cases how very slightly the sandstone in contact with the dyke is changed. For an inch or so only the sandstone is slightly hardened. In those infrequent cases where prismatic

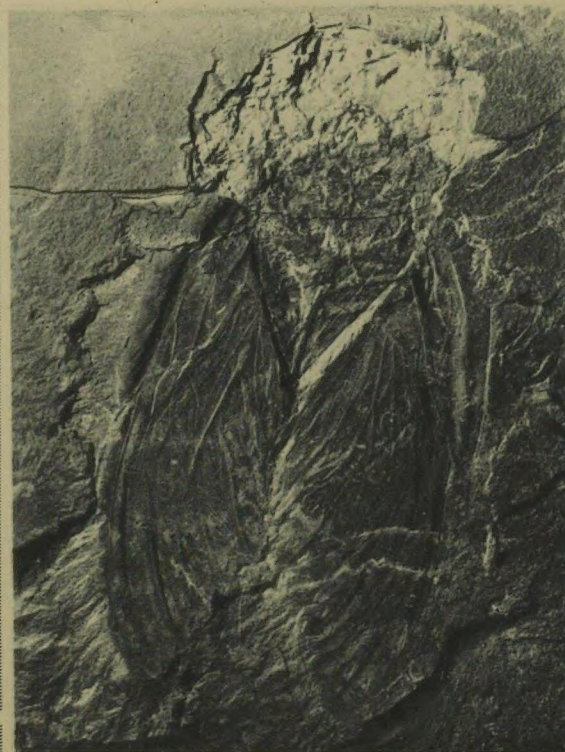
[Continued below.]



4. THE FORE-WING AND HIND-WING OF AN INSECT THAT MUST HAVE BEEN MORE THAN A FOOT ACROSS: FOSSILS FROM THE HAWKESBURY SANDSTONE BEDS, SOME HUNDRED OR TWO HUNDRED MILLION YEARS OLD.

[Continued.]

occurs, the columns may extend to a considerable distance—say, fifty feet or more—from the dyke. Sometimes there are no columns adjoining the dyke—they are all at some distance away. This fact, coupled with the presence of secondary silica, suggests that a second factor operates in the production of columns, viz., hot water. The water might have been in the bed of sandstone and become heated by the dyke, or might have accompanied the intrusion of the molten rock. Either because of its temperature or because of contained alkalis, the water took up much silica in solution. As the mass cooled the silica was deposited round the sand grains, forming a very hard cement. Later came cooling and drying and consequent shrinkage and cracking up of the mass, with the result that irregular columns were formed." Of the fossil fish illustrated on the right-hand page, Mr. Wade says: "The illustrations

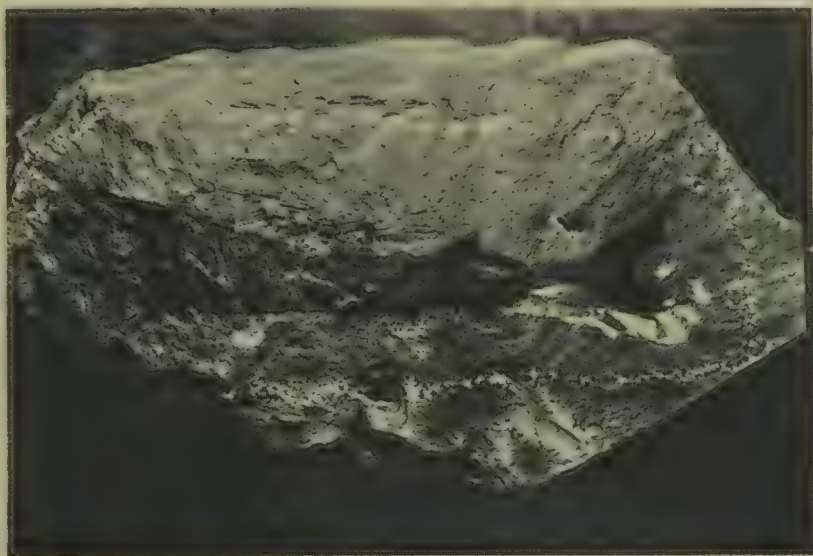


5. A CICADA NOT GREATLY DIFFERENT FROM A SPECIES FOUND TO-DAY IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SOUTH-EASTERN AUSTRALIA: A FOSSIL FROM THE TRIASSIC SANDSTONE NEAR SYDNEY.

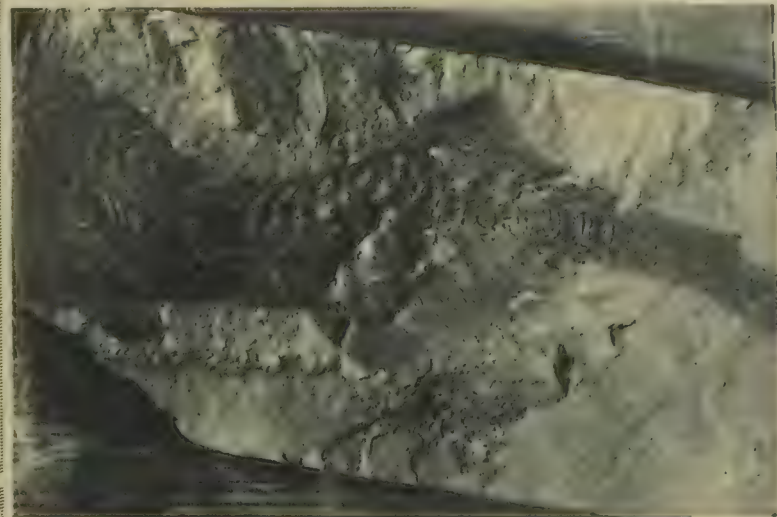
Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9 are concerned with a strange form quite new to science and extraordinary in its assemblage of characters. No. 12 shows a form of which other examples have previously been found and described as *Cleithrolepis*. This photograph is a particularly good one, and gives much new information regarding the head."

[Continued opposite.]

FISH OF IMMENSE ANTIQUITY: FOSSILS OF NEWLY FOUND SPECIES.



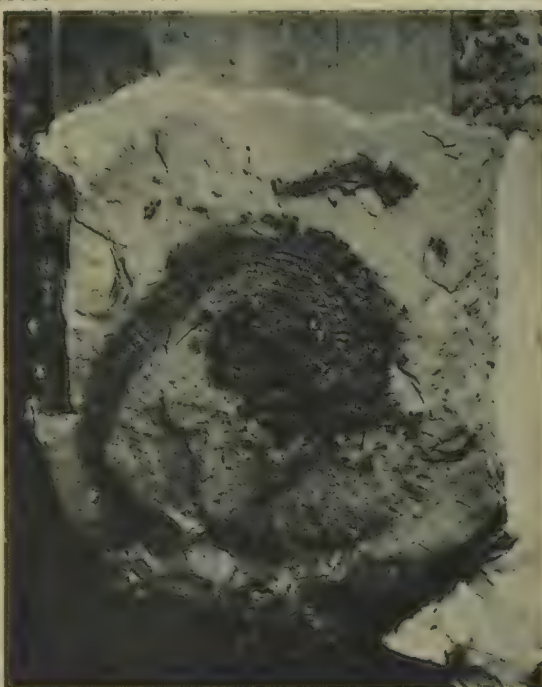
6. A STRANGE NEW FISH HITHERTO UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE: A FOSSIL FROM THE HAWKESBURY SANDSTONE DEPOSITS NEAR SYDNEY (SLIGHTLY OVER HALF NATURAL SIZE).



7. SHOWING THE MEDIAN FINS AND TRUNK OF A FISH LIKE THAT SEEN IN NO. 6: A FOSSIL FROM THE HAWKESBURY SANDSTONE OF THE TRIASSIC AGE (ONE TO TWO HUNDRED MILLION YEARS AGO).



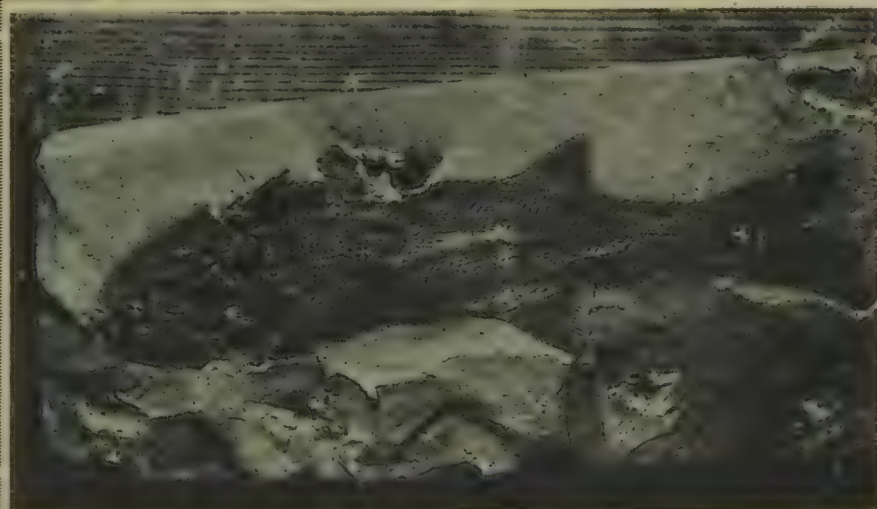
8. THE HEAD (ON LEFT) OF THE SAME FOSSIL FISH AS SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION NO. 6; AND ANOTHER COMPLETE FOSSIL FISH (ON RIGHT) FROM THE SAME BEDS.



9. SHOWING VERTEBRAL DEVELOPMENT WHICH IS STRANGELY COMPLETE IN A FORM WITH SO MANY PRIMITIVE CHARACTERS: A CURIOUS FOSSIL FISH.



10. FOSSIL FISH OF NEW AND UNKNOWN VARIETIES, NOT SPECIFICALLY NAMED: A CATOPTERID (RIGHT) AND TWO PALÆONISCIDÆ (ABOUT NATURAL SIZE).



11. A NEW AND HITHERTO UNKNOWN TYPE OF CATOPTERID: ONE OF THE MANY SMALL FOSSIL FISH OF TRIASSIC TIMES FOUND AT BROOKVALE, NEW SOUTH WALES.



12. A SPECIMEN OF CLEITHROLEPIS GIVING NEW DATA REGARDING THE HEAD: ONE OF THE NUMEROUS TYPES OF FOSSIL FISH, OF ENORMOUS ANTIQUITY, RECENTLY DISCOVERED NEAR SYDNEY.

Continued.

"Some of the fish that existed in Triassic times at Brookvale, New South Wales, (continues Mr. Wade) were evidently of large size, say, three feet six inches in length. These are found only in a more or less fragmentary condition. By far the greater number are small fishes, in length from two inches to seven. They are well preserved. The two photographs numbered 10 and 11 are illustrative of these. As the forms have yet to be studied in comparison with known forms of other localities, and in

particular with reference to research just concluded at London University on South African and North American fossil fish, no names can at present be assigned to them. They are Palæoniscidæ and Catopteridæ awaiting description and names. The whole series of them when described is expected to throw light on the evolution of those families. It may be possible to form a series of increasing age, showing the order in which scales spread over the whole trunk of a fish. They were covered, except in extreme youth, with thick scales, enamel-covered and often beautifully marked. The scale-markings may be seen with a pocket lens."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

"RED CUCKOOS."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IT is not often that I am asked a question concerning animal life which I cannot answer at least fairly easily. But one of the readers of these essays of mine has just "cornered" me. I am asked why it is that some young cuckoos in their first plumage are heavily barred with black on a rufous ground-work. Normally, the upper parts of the plumage at this stage (Fig. 3) differ in their coloration in no material particulars from

once the common dress not only of this species at all ages, but of the cuckoo tribe as a whole, though, of course, the pattern of the plumage was in no two species alike.

Evidence in support of this could be cited from scores of cases, not only among birds, but in mammals, as well as in groups lower in the scale than the birds. But let us keep to birds. Here we find hundreds of species where

male, female, and young alike are all of "drab" hue. Where bright colours are developed they appear first in the males, invariably; and we may, from the evidence, safely assume, originally always as a "nuptial" effluence. As one generation succeeds another, this "diathesis" for the intensification of the original melanin and lipochrome pigments gains force: at first the bright hues appear in patches—a golden crown, or bright colours in the form of a throat-band, or on the back or wing-coverts. Such coloration is commonly assumed by a spring moult, and at the autumn moult the original dull hue, differing little, if at all, from that of the female and young, is again reverted to.

But gradually the breeding-dress comes to be assumed earlier and worn longer, so that the non-breeding dress—called, in some cases, the "eclipse plumage"—is gradually eliminated. In our common mallard, for example, it is retained only for a few weeks, instead of for long months. In some game-birds, like the blackcock and the common partridge, the only trace of the dull-hued dress is found on the head, which,

saturated; or, to put it another way, this diathesis for the refinement of the pigmentation becomes so intensified that male, female, and young alike all wear a dress of splendour, as in our kingfisher. If we take a survey of all the known species of swallows and kingfishers, we shall find every gradation in this evolution of a resplendent dress.

That this diathesis for the production of bright hues is not dependent on climate or food, but on some internal, physiological change in the character of the transformation of the pigments derived from the blood, seems to be clearly shown in the case of our house and tree sparrows. In parts of England, at any rate, these live side by side. In the house sparrow the male alone has a "resplendent" dress; the female wears a drab-coloured dress answering to that discarded by the male. The young wear a duller dress even than that of the female, and this, we may take it, answers to the common dress worn by all members of the species throughout the year in the long distant past. In the tree-sparrow, male, female, and young alike all wear a "resplendent" dress, closely resembling that of the male house-sparrow, but brighter.

Among the mammals we have a parallel in the lion and the tiger. In the former the male has a distinctive mark of splendour in his mane. The young differ from the female in having a spotted hide, and there is evidence that this, in turn, was derived from a longitudinally striped hide, the common livery of the ancestral lion of remote ages ago. In the tiger both sexes, at all ages, are alike. Horns among the mammals were first developed by the males, and, later, by the females, which, however, in many species are still hornless. Antlers among the deer first appeared in the males, and then only as "spikes," as they appear to-day in the young, growing more and more branched at each annual renewal. Only in the reindeer are horns borne by the females, and these are far smaller than in the male.

And so, then, reasoning from analogy, we may regard the red, "hepatic" phase of the cuckoo as an occasional recrudescence of an ancestral livery once common to all the cuckoos and not confined merely to members of this species, since we find some cuckoos to-day, as in the genus *Eudynamis*, which are similarly barred on a rufous ground-colour. And there is further support for this interpretation in the fact that some adult females among our cuckoos show a more or less conspicuous rufous tinge on the throat and wings. The clear ash-grey of the upper parts of the plumage and the throat of the typical cuckoo, or what we call the "normal" cuckoo, represents the high-water mark of coloration in the species. There seems to be more of "sweet reasonableness" in this interpretation than in the assumption that the "red" phase is a mere "sport."



FIG. 1. SHOWING BARS ON THE BREAST: THE ADULT MALE CUCKOO.

There are no dark bars on the back, wings, or throat; but the breast is barred. The tail is more or less spotted with white. The female has the grey throat tinged with buffish-brown, while the wing and tail-coverts have a brownish hue. Herein are the last traces of the ancestral "red" plumage.

the adult, save that the feathers are more or less conspicuously barred with white; while the under-parts differ in that the throat and neck are heavily barred with slaty-black, instead of being of a uniform ash-grey. These differences are fairly well shown in the photographs (Figs. 1 and 3), though the absence of colour lessens the value of the comparisons.

There is one other point concerning the immature birds which is to be borne in mind. In these "red cuckoos," there is a white patch on the nape; in the typical, normal birds the white appears on the forehead or crown. The expert ornithologist would probably not assent to this presentation of the facts. I am not concerned here, however, with a minute analysis of every part of the plumage—the forehead, crown, nape, hind-neck, fore-neck, mantle, scapulars, etc.—but with the broad effects of the coloration, such as you and I would see in a general comparison between one of these "red" youngsters (Fig. 2) and one of "normal" type (Fig. 3). We need not go into "niggling details."

The question I am asked is: Can these "red" types be accounted for? They represent what is known as a "hepatic" phase, which is found also, though less commonly, in the tawny owl. No one has yet attempted to solve this riddle. Ornithologists have been content with the statement that such departures from the type exist. The difficulties which face would-be investigators seem unsurmountable, since we cannot breed cuckoos in captivity, nor, for the matter of that, tawny owls either. Were this possible, we might obtain evidence derived from mating on Mendelian lines.

What we want to know is whether this "red" coloration is transmitted persistently by female cuckoos representing a "red strain," or whether it occurs sporadically as a consequence of some physiological disturbance of the pigment-producing agents of the body. There is another possible rendering. This "red" livery may be an ancestral dress; a sporadic resurrection of what was



FIG. 2. A YOUNG CUCKOO IN THE "HEPATIC" PHASE OF COLORATION.

Herein the body is heavily barred with black on a chestnut background. Young females are always redder and more intensively barred than young males. On the assumption that this hepatic dress is an ancestral revival, this is what we should expect. Owing to the loss of colour, the heavily-barred coloration is not fully brought out.

for a brief space, is of a dull brown like the females. In the pheasant every shred of this ancient dress has vanished.

The next stage in the evolution of a resplendent dress follows after the male has acquired a complete plumage of conspicuous brilliancy. Then the female, late in life, begins to follow in the track of her mate, till at last she also is arrayed in "purple and fine linen," leaving the dull, ancestral dress to the young birds in their first plumage. Our starling affords a case in point. Finally, the system becomes, so to speak,

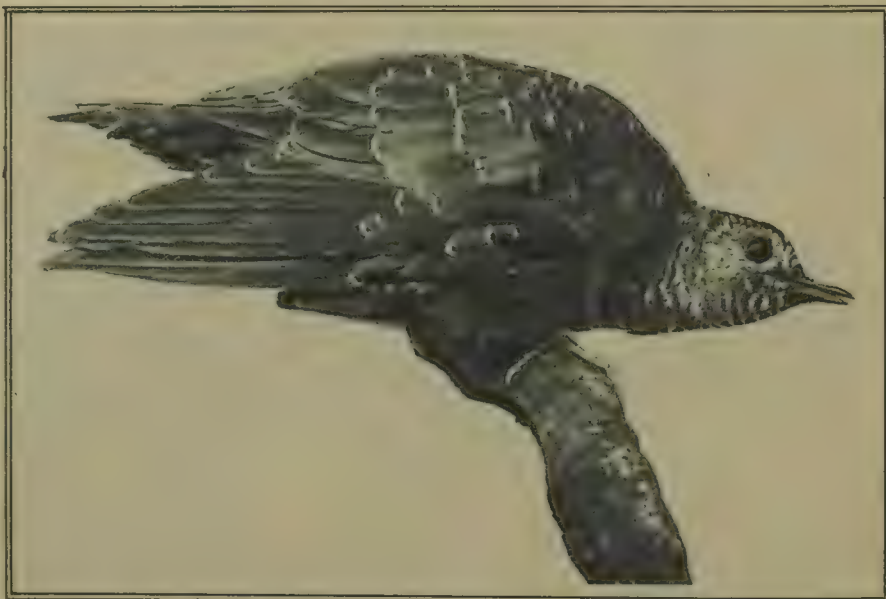


FIG. 3. WITH WHITE-TIPPED FEATHERS: A YOUNG CUCKOO OF THE "NORMAL" TYPE. In this the coloration of the upper parts differs from that of the adult in being duller and tinged with brown, while the feathers are more or less conspicuously white-tipped. But sometimes these "normal" types show traces of red, causing them to resemble the "red" phases of adult females.

THE GREATEST SEA MYSTERY SINCE THE "MARIE CÉLESTE."



A SHIP WHOSE FATE IS STILL AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM: THE DANISH TRAINING-SHIP "KØBENHAVN," LOST IN 1928.

The Danish training-ship "København," a steel five-masted barque with an auxiliary oil-engine, manned by a crew of 60, including 45 Danish cadets, sailed from Buenos Aires on December 14, 1928, for Australia. Eight days later she was spoken by a Norwegian steamer 900 miles west of Tristan da Cunha, the lonely island in the South Atlantic. Thenceforward she was missing, and on September 8 last, after an unavailing search, she was declared lost. There has since been published, however, a story which accounts for her fate, though leaving the original cause unknown. A lay preacher from Tristan da Cunha, Mr. Philip Lindsay, who recently arrived at Liverpool, states that he and others, on January 21, 1929, sighted a five-masted barque with a white band round her hull, and her fore or main mast broken, approaching the island from the south. "The sea was rough for our boats," he writes (as reported in the "Times") "and we could do nothing but watch her gradually crawl past and run inside the reefs to the west side of the island. She was certainly in distress. She was using only one small jib, and her stern was very low in the water. . . . I estimated that she was within a quarter of a mile of the shore when we last saw her. . . . The place where she went in was quite inaccessible. Several things were after-

wards washed up, but I cannot say that they were from the 'København.' . . . To me it is a complete mystery. It would have been impossible for the ship to drift free of the reefs again, once being bound by them. Many questions remain to be answered. Why didn't she drop a lifeboat? Were they all dead? Had she been abandoned before reaching us? . . . I am convinced that the ship was the missing 'København.'" In support of this it has been pointed out that she was the only five-masted barque then in commission. "The only thing left to account for," says the "Times" writer, "is how she came to be there, drifting towards the Tristan beach, unmanned and derelict. Here must lie a very great sea mystery—perhaps the greatest since the 'Marie Céleste.'" His theory is that something—possibly a collision with ice—caused the crew to abandon ship, prematurely, and take to the boats. Another writer says that ice was unlikely between the River Plate and Tristan, and that probably the ship "turned turtle" in a squall. What the islanders saw, he suggests, was the "Phantom Ship," said to cruise off the Cape!—Later news of kindred interest includes the locating by air of a wreck, possibly the "Waratah" (lost in 1909), and the fourth victory of the clipper "Herzogin Cecilie," in the Australia-to-England ocean race.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE possibility that "we may make our lives sublime" is a fact which in these days we are not often allowed to forget. Reminders of it reach me at the rate of about seven a week, and, although for me this sublimity remains an unattained ideal, I continue to murmur hopefully "Excelsior!" as I toil up flinty paths (of reminiscence and biography) like the patient ass in the Apocrypha. Sometimes, however, the ascent is really exhilarating and inspiring. Of all the "lives of great men" that I have perused, for purposes of dissection on this page, I can remember few that have delighted me more than the "LIFE AND LETTERS OF HENRY ARTHUR JONES." By Doris Arthur Jones. Illustrated (Gollancz; 25s.). I have enjoyed it not simply for the number of famous people whom it introduces—for, like most reviewers, I am growing a trifle *blasé* about meeting celebrities in print, and the same old crowd turns up over and over again—but rather for the manner of their introduction. So many writers can only tell you that they met So-and-So at dinner, and omit to mention what he said or even what he looked like. The virtue of this book is that it goes straight to the heart of things, whether theatrical, political, social, or religious; and it is so rich both in letters and conversations which are frank, human, and intimate.

Although, as the author says herself, "it is difficult, if not impossible, for a daughter to be an impartial critic," she has performed the task of writing her father's life (at his own request) with candour and discrimination as well as deep affection. It is a biography of which anyone might be proud. She had, of course, exceptional opportunities for gathering material. "Although I never told him," she writes, "I made a habit, especially when his old friends came to see him, of sitting behind his big arm-chair to take down in his own words what he felt and thought about the many interesting people and events he had known during his life. I christened this little book 'H. A. J.'s Table Talk.' In writing my father's life I have borne in mind the following passage from his book, as yet unpublished, 'The Shadow of Henry Irving': 'Who would wish after death to be decorated with the cheapest trinket, the smallest grace that did not rightly belong to him?'"

As a popular dramatist, H. A. J. has had his detractors (I shall have occasion to mention one in connection with another book). But it is clear that he had high literary ideals, and his work won praise from critics once considered of some importance. One was Matthew Arnold; another was Stevenson. Arnold wrote him encouraging letters, attended the first night of "The Silver King" in 1882, and contributed a notice of it to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, according it the rank of "literature." H. A. J. had an intense admiration for Matthew Arnold, whose poetry he loved better than any after Milton's. In a copy of Arnold's poems given to a granddaughter in 1926, he wrote: "I hope you will read and study every word of this fine high thinker, who has been a perpetual light to your grandfather through all his weary days of seventy years and more." Reverting to 1882, we read: "About a year after the first performance (i.e., of 'The Silver King'), he met Mr. Arnold out walking, and the latter enquired very kindly about the amazing success of the young dramatist. H. A. J. happened to mention that he had made over £3000 in fees, and he told me that the merest shade, not of envy, but of a feeling tinged with something less shallow than envy, passed across Arnold's fine countenance; adding, 'And all England could do for her greatest scholar and poet was to give him an inspectorship of schools at a paltry £800 a year.'"

In his latter days, "Henry Arthur," as his familiars called him, allowed his patriotism, goaded to fury by the War, to colour or supplant his dramatic work, and his polemical exuberance caused some personal estrangements, though his friends loved and understood him too well to bear a lasting grudge. Here we have the full story of his attacks on Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, with interesting controversial letters, and a later one from Shaw making a kindly (but unreciprocated) effort at reconciliation. It is pleasant to go back to the records of their earlier friendship, among which the Shaw letters are particularly characteristic and entertaining. To this time (the early 'nineties) belongs a photograph, sartorially delicious, and reproduced appropriately on the "jacket," showing the two dramatists standing together, with their bicycles. The aspect of Henry Arthur, in a high "bowler" of the period, reminds me of the old song, "Where did you get that hat?" Mr. Shaw, less conspicuous in a cap, appears as I remember him, on a certain day during the

same decade, at Hindhead, from which place many of his letters in this book are addressed. Little did I realise then that I was in the presence of the dramatic "Emperor of Europe"—a phrase which I recently heard him apply to himself (in a speech that was broadcast) with reference to the production of one of his plays at Vienna in its imperial days. Mr. Shaw has made an art of egotism, but I do not believe he is really egotistic.

Another delightful element in the memoir of H. A. J. is the correspondence of Max Beerbohm, who enclosed with one letter a "typically Maxian" Drinking Song, recalling the pioneer productions of Ibsen by the Independent Theatre. Its refrain, I am sure, will amuse one

main object has been to vindicate his work and its interpreters to a generation that "knows not Joseph," or, at any rate, has begun to run after new prophets. For purposes of such exposition large slices of quotation are given from Pinero plays, forming the groundwork of much sound and discerning criticism. Mr. Fyfe, in short, has added a noteworthy chapter to theatrical history.

With his estimate of Pinero few, probably, will be disposed to quarrel, but I rather feel that he has been a little disdainful of Pinero's former rival. Had Mr. Fyfe been able to read the above-mentioned biography before writing his own book, he would hardly, I think, have said: "Henry Arthur Jones was never after his first successes more than a purveyor of drama which he hoped to make popular by carefully studying what made for popularity." H. A. J. and Pinero were themselves on very cordial terms, as appears from several letters. When H. A. J. was ill, in 1911, we find Pinero writing: "We have been fellow-workers for so many years—side by side, as it were—that any mishap to you comes to me with a sense of personal shock." This illness led to the formidable operation of colotomy (performed by Lockhart-Mummery), which the patient was not expected to survive. He lived, however, for "seventeen years of crippled life," and (his daughter adds) "I believe his cure is a record in medical history." Three years before his own operation, H. A. J. had produced a surgical one-act piece called "The Knife," which had a long run.

One of the most famous wielders of the healing knife in our day has just put his memories on record in "THE STORY OF A SURGEON." By Sir John Bland-Sutton, Bt., F.R.C.S. Vice-President and Consulting Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital. With a Preamble by Rudyard Kipling, and twenty-eight Illustrations (Methuen; 12s. 6d.). Written in clear-cut style, incisive as a scalpel, Sir John's record is one of peculiar fascination. Specially notable is his account of earlier days in surgery, with personal recollections of such men as Lister and Pasteur, and the transformation wrought by anaesthetics and kindred discoveries. But he has a wide range of interests extending far beyond professional matters, and including drama and literature, botany and zoology, travel and archaeology. An indication of his catholicity occurs early in the book. On winning a class prize at the Middlesex Hospital Medical School, in 1878, he chose two works—Darwin's "Origin of Species" and Dante's "Inferno." As a young man he was a diligent "first-nighter" at the theatre, and he treasures a unique relic of the opening performance of Henry Arthur Jones's play "Mrs. Dane's Defence."

At the end of his book Sir John tells how he came to build, in 1905, the famous dining-court in his house at 47, Brook Street, modelled on the Hall of Darius at Susa, and gives a full description of its details. A few weeks ago I noticed an announcement in the *Times* that this hall was for sale, as the house is to be pulled down in August next. Among the illustrations to Sir John's autobiography is George Belcher's portrait of the author, from *Punch*, accompanied by the lines—

Some surgeons cut you up like mutton,
But this is not the way with Sutton;
Bland as his name, though stern of eye,
He couldn't bear to hurt a fly.

Curiously enough, I find allusions both to surgical operations and to the dramatist whose career we have been discussing on one and the same page (144) of another attractive and entertaining biography (likewise the work of a daughter), the subject this time being a famous painter. The book in question is "THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON, R.A." (1831-1910). By Hilda Orchardson Gray. With forty-eight Illustrations in two colours (Hutchinson; 21s.). The page to which I have referred mentions the death of John Pettie, R.A., after an operation, and, lower down, quotes a note written to Orchardson about elections to the Athenæum Club, by Sir James Crichton Browne, who said that he had seconded Henry Arthur Jones, and added: "But one must walk gingerly, as you have; I am told, some very explosive material on the Board." Somehow, I had never hitherto associated the Athenæum with explosions.

I regret that, for reasons of space, this too brief reference must suffice to introduce a very interesting memoir that draws a full-length portrait of a remarkable and lovable man. Along with the beautiful set of reproductions from his pictures, it forms a worthy record of the work and friendships of one who, had he wished, might have written after his name the letters P.R.A.—C. E. B.



AN EPSTEIN NOW IN LONDON: "THE MADONNA AND CHILD."

This bronze by the ever-discussed Jacob Epstein is to be seen at the Knoedler Galleries, together with eighty drawings by the sculptor, and it will be there until June 14. It has already been shown in New York. It is life-size. The models for it were a Hindu and her son.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Knoedler and Co., Old Bond Street.

of my distinguished confrères on this paper, if he has not heard it before. The third stanza runs thus—

The future of the Drama was our theme, day in day out;
Pinero was most sanguine, Henry Arthur had no doubt.

"On, on," cried William Archer,
And no man was less coy
Than Shaw (that spring-heeled marcher
In any new deparcher)

When Grein was a bright Dutch boy, my boys!
(Chorus) When Grein was a bright Dutch boy.

From the memoir of Henry Arthur it is natural to turn to an appreciation of a distinguished contemporary, happily still with us—to wit, "SIR ARTHUR PINERO'S PLAYS AND PLAYERS." By Hamilton Fyfe. Illustrated (Benn; 15s.). As its title implies, this book is a study of the work rather than of the man, and an estimate of his place in English dramatic literature as compared with other playwrights. There are, however, a few biographical details, notably about Sir Arthur Pinero's early connection with the stage, besides glimpses into his methods of work and the social side of his career. But the author's

A GREAT WEEK FOR GOLFERS: FAMOUS AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS IN ACTION.



THE NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD WINNER OF THE LADIES' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS DIANA FISHWICK.



THE FINALISTS IN THE LADIES' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS DIANA FISHWICK (LEFT) AND MISS GLENN COLLETT, OF THE U.S.A.



LOSER TO MISS FISHWICK IN THE FINAL OF THE LADIES' OPEN: MISS GLENN COLLETT, U.S.A.



AFTER FLYING TO THE COURSE: THE PRINCE OF WALES WATCHING THE WALKER CUP MATCH; WITH MR. T. A. BOURN, ENGLISH AMATEUR CHAMPION (KNEELING).



THE PRINCE AT THE WALKER CUP MATCH: H.R.H. WITH MR. HARRISON R. JOHNSTON, THE UNITED STATES AMATEUR CHAMPION.



AN AMERICAN PLAYER WHO WAS MUCH IN EVIDENCE LAST WEEK: LEO DIEGEL, U.S. PROFESSIONAL CHAMPION, WHO WAS SEEN AT NORTH MANCHESTER, AND BEAT ABE MITCHELL IN A CHALLENGE MATCH AT MOOR PARK.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE UNITED STATES WALKER CUP TEAM: MR. R. T. (BOBBY) JONES DRIVING AT SANDWICH.

THE week that has passed was one of the greatest interest to golfers: the Ladies' Open Championship was played at Formby; the Walker Cup Match was played at Sandwich; Abe Mitchell and Leo Diegel, the American professional champion, played a challenge match at Moor Park; and A. Compston and A. Mitchell met L. Diegel and Horton Smith in a thirty-six holes four-ball exhibition match, at North Manchester, which the British professionals won. In the semi-finals of the Ladies' Open, Miss Glenna Collett (Rhode Island, U.S.A.) beat Miss Enid Wilson (Notts), and Miss Diana Fishwick (North Foreland) beat Miss K. S. Macdonald (Moray). In the thirty-six holes final, Miss Fishwick beat Miss Collett

[Continued below.]

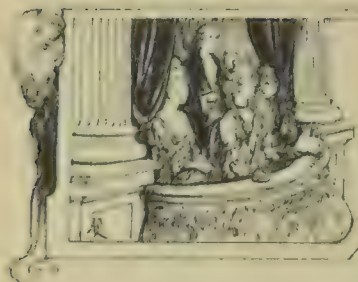


THE MOST-DISCUSSED OF THE U.S. GOLFERS: MR. R. T. (BOBBY) JONES, U.S. CAPTAIN IN THE WALKER CUP MATCH, PUTTING AT SANDWICH, WHERE HE BEAT MR. R. H. WETHERED, THE BRITISH CAPTAIN.

[Continued.]

by 4 and 3. Thus, once more the United States failed to gain the coveted honour. Miss Fishwick, it may be added, is nineteen. She played a good game when she was eleven, and in 1927 and 1928 she won the Girls' Championship. In the Walker Cup Match the United States were the winners once again. They won three out of the four Foursomes and seven out of the eight Singles. The

only British successes were those of Messrs. R. H. Wethered and C. J. H. Tolley against Messrs. G. von Elm and G. Voigt in the Foursomes, and that of Mr. T. A. Torrance against Mr. F. Ouimet. The Prince of Wales, who flew to the course, watched the play on both days. On May 19, Mr. Bobby Jones won the Gold Vase. In the challenge match at Moor Park, Leo Diegel beat Abe Mitchell by one hole.



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



A NEW STAR.

AN English actor recently returned from Hollywood has come home with a sad tale of the growth of unemployment since the advent of the talking picture. He describes, in an interview, the steady influx of would-be film-stars into that city of fair hope and tragic disappointment. Every train brings in a fresh batch—artists of experience, men and women who have abandoned other trades to follow the call of the "talkies," youngsters eager for the fray. And all of them, all of them, convinced that they possess the perfect speaking-voice. Perhaps they do—some of them, at any rate. For, the actor goes on to say: "You may hear wonderful voices behind the counters and the bars!" The shops and the restaurants furnish a few jobs for the lucky ones; the rest of them go to swell the ranks of that most pitiable army—the army of Hollywood "extras." The spur to their vaulting, foolhardy ambition is the current notion that the day of the former film-star is over—the star with the camera-face, a sense of the screen, a perfect figure, and a sure knowledge of pose. Are the gullible entirely to be blamed? Has it not been said in print a score of times for all who run to read? And so the poor mice run into the trap after the pretty bait of the perfect voice. To be sure, the former film-star must add a good voice to his or her equipment or vanish from a fickle firmament. But to pretend that a good voice, even if it be backed by some histrionic talent, is sufficient to bring a newcomer into line with old favourites is sheer nonsense. The art of the screen has never ceased to be, first and foremost, a pictorial art, and, slowly but surely, its pictorial requirements are resuming their old pre-eminence. Therefore the actor, whether he speaks or sings, cannot be exempt from the rules—if you will, the restrictions—that govern and have always governed the technique of acting for the screen. If that were not so, Dennis King, fresh from his personal triumph in "The Three Musketeers" at Drury Lane, would have pulled off the double event after the presentation of "The Vagabond King" at the Carlton Theatre. I have seen Dennis King at Drury Lane. I have admired and applauded, along with the rest of his audiences, his youthful vigour, his buoyant personality, his *panache*, his fine voice. Therefore, I am prepared to believe that his stage-impersonation of François Villon, the beggar-poet hero of "The Vagabond King," fully deserved the eulogies that it won in America. But of all the qualities that carried him to unqualified success at Drury Lane only one remains intact in his screen-performance, and that is his voice. He has not yet developed—nor, apparently, has his producer succeeded in imparting to him—that feeling for the pictorial line, the poise, and the apparently unconscious but actually deliberate co-operation in the harmony of the picture's composition which must never be absent from the film-actor's work. He may have brought the same fire and dash to the studio as he does to the stage. But because of his lack of screen-sense he appears merely restless. He displays the activity of Douglas Fairbanks, but never the feeling for pattern which lies behind the latter's every movement. There is drama in his voice, but not in his gestures nor in his eyes. And thus he becomes theatrical rather than dramatic. To the student of the kinema, Dennis King's triumph on the stage and his comparative failure as a screen-hero are an interesting demonstration of the fact that the addition of sound, if it has given to film-actors yet another weapon in their armoury, has by no means superseded the well-tried arms wherewith they conquered the silent screen.

"UNDER A TEXAS MOON."

The increasing popularity—or, at any rate, production—of colour-films has brought into greater prominence than ever the essential difference between the craft of the kinema and the craft of the stage. And this despite the fact that, whereas many talking-films have already attained a degree of technical perfection scarcely less than that which blessed the old silent screen, perfection—or even naturalism—in colour is still far off. Crudity of tone, combined with what is apparently the insuperable difficulty of control of focus in colour-films, is nearly always, at present, as distorting aesthetically and as disconcerting dramatically as were the first songs and audible dialogue of the talking-screen. It

may therefore seem early days to regard what is acknowledged by experts and by the public alike as a process still in its infancy, with all the *gaucherie*, if all the promise, of aspiring youth, as anything more than an interesting experiment. Yet the very artificiality of results up to date

can never be successfully combined with the pictorial realism that is the screen's peculiar prerogative. The "all-singing, all-dancing" film which at first, by reason of its novelty, drew vast crowds of people eager for something new, soon lost its freshness. In its place came musical

comedy—a definitely theatrical medium, transferred *en bloc* and without regard to the inherent absurdity of imposing stereotyped convention upon realistic backgrounds. The stage is limited in the appeal it can make to the eye. If the figure of the operatic hero lacks the slenderness inseparable from romantic fancy, we at least know that the adequately stalwart tree against which he leans is merely painted wood, that the glimmering tents behind him exist in one dimension only, and the lake, at the edge of which he pauses to sing heroically before dashing to the rescue of the heroine (off) is but skilfully coloured backcloth. On the colour-screen this same hero travels for miles on a chestnut horse, beneath green trees, and plunges (after due interval for appropriate song) into tawny and turbulent waters. The result is ludicrous. In another way, too, the addition of colour, as at present constituted, adds to, rather than modifies, the difficulties of our mental adjustments. If the "shot" of the singing hero is sufficiently in close-up to remove distortion of focus, we see a cavernous, grimacing mouth, a head apparently without a body poised miraculously in space. If the "shot" is long enough to include the hero's lower limbs, a background of plain or mountains, and the natural movements of collateral characters, his face, in colour, is a blur of ghastliness that makes his resonance of voice an incongruity as coming from a man whose physical appearance would seem to indicate an urgent need for medical assistance.

After a surfeit of such visual annoyances and mental irritations, it was with a feeling of joyous relief that I found myself at the Alhambra, where that charming film, "Under a Texas Moon," cheerfully proceeded more or less flatly to contradict everything I have said above. But, then, "Under a Texas Moon" is the first colour-film I have seen that breaks completely away from both old stage and newer kinema conventions. It is neither musical comedy nor musical play. It is true it has a "theme song," but this is most unobtrusively, effectively, and comparatively rarely used. It has no chorus and there is hardly any dancing—except that which forms part of a most delightfully staged Spanish wedding feast. But the virtues of this gay and light-hearted romance are by no means all negative. It has a very definite, if artificial, formula of its own, and that formula is not only new but essentially cinematographic. The story is slender enough, and retails simply the amorous and fighting adventures of a swash-buckling Mexican caballero, played with great charm, virility, and humour by Frank Fay. The characterisation is without subtlety, but the simplicity and directness of its appeal are more than merely naive. For the whole film is alive with laughter and the true spirit of romantic comedy. Without any pretence at cleverness or sophistication, we are carried along by its swiftness of action, its gaiety, and its cinematographic pictorial charm. Here the artificiality of colour seems entirely natural—for we are not intended to take either the story or its interpreters seriously. And the gardens, the gorgeous Spanish shawls and dresses, lend themselves particularly well to the glowing tones of real Southern spirit and backgrounds. Even the dark beauty of the exceptionally good feminine cast—Myrna Loy, Armida, Raquel Torres, and Mona Maris—is for once enhanced rather than despoiled by the process.

From all of which it is apparent that it is not merely as a colourful and delightful entertainment that "Under a Texas Moon" should be seen by those who are interested in the artistic development of the World of the Kinema. This film, for all its simplicity of story, of outlook, and of treatment, is, of its own kind, one of the most significant pictures that have been seen recently in London. If its negative virtues are perhaps more striking than its positive, these last are sufficiently important to point the way to new methods that are not mere shadow travesties of stage convention, but which, despite their artificiality, are definitely of the kinema and for the kinema.



"THE VAGABOND KING" AS AN ALL-TALKING FILM—WITH MR. DENNIS KING AS VILLON:
"SO YOU THINK YOU'D BE A BETTER KING THAN I AM!"

"The Vagabond King," an all-talking, colour, film play, with music, is at the Carlton Theatre, in the Haymarket. Mr. Dennis King, who has won such high praise for his d'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers" at Drury Lane, is the Villon. The musical play, that is akin to the screen play, was seen in London a few years ago; and older playgoers will recall "If I Were King," with George Alexander as the poet.

seems to me the really significant factor in the immediate development of the individual art of the kinema, for it serves to emphasise the fact that artificiality of treatment



"LUMMOX" AS AN ALL-TALKING FILM: MISS WINIFRED WESTOVER AS BERTHA OBERG, THE DRUDGE CALLED "LUNK," "SQUARE-HEAD," AND "LUMMOX."

"LummoX," is, of course, after the famous novel by Fannie Hurst. Its first London presentation took place at the Avenue Pavilion.

"THE UGLY DUCHESS" IN MEDIAEVAL FRESCOES: PICTORIAL SIDE-LIGHTS ON A NEW PLAY.



1. HISTORIC FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FRESCOES IN WHICH "THE UGLY DUCHESS" IS SAID TO FIGURE: WALL-PAINTINGS IN THE ANCIENT TYROLESE CASTLE OF RUNKELSTEIN—(TO RIGHT OF DOOR) A DANCE; (TO LEFT) A BALL GAME.



2. LED BY A CROWNED FIGURE (EXTREME LEFT) SAID TO REPRESENT THE DUCHESS MARGARET ("THE UGLY DUCHESS"): THE DANCE GROUP IN THE RUNKELSTEIN FRESCOES (ENLARGED FROM THAT TO RIGHT OF DOOR IN NO. 1).



3. INCLUDING A FIGURE BELIEVED TO REPRESENT THE DUCHESS MARGARET ("THE UGLY DUCHESS") ENGAGED IN A GAME OF BALL: A DRAWING TO SHOW DETAIL OF THE FRESCO TO LEFT OF DOOR IN NO. 1.

Continued.

Painted within twenty years of her death. The castle of Runkelstein, near Bozen (Bolzano) in the Tyrol, was first built early in the thirteenth century, and has a romantic history. The frescoes were painted in 1388 for its then owner, Nicholas von Vintler, Court banker and patron of art, who rebuilt the castle. The Duchess Margaret had died in 1369, but, as her amorous adventures (despite her ugliness) were still notorious, Nicholas, it is said, caused her to be thus commemorated. "The two most renowned paintings," writes Herr Lorenz Franzl, to whom we

THE strange career of the Duchess Margaret of Carinthia and Tyrol (1318-1369), noted as "the ugliest woman in history," has become topical again through the recent production at the Arts Theatre (for a run of thirteen performances) of "The Ugly Duchess," a play adapted by Vera Beringer from Lion Feuchtwanger's well-known historical novel of the same name, with Miss Esmé Beringer in the title-part. The jacket of the novel bore a reproduction from the famous picture of "The Ugly Duchess"



4. NICKNAMED "MAULTASCH" (OR, "POCKET-MOUTHED MEG"): THE DUCHESS MARGARET OF CARINTHIA AND TYROL (1318-1369)—AN OLD PORTRAIT OF "THE UGLY DUCHESS."

by Quentin Matsys, the Flemish painter (1466-1530), on which are said to have been based a drawing of the same head by Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) and an etching by Wenzel Hollar (1607-77). Both the two latter are in the Royal Gallery at Windsor Castle. Sir John Tenniel's Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland" was also founded on the Matsys portrait, which, we may recall, was reproduced on a full page in colour in our issue of December 31, 1927. A historical account of the Duchess Margaret appeared in our number for December 25, 1920, and was reprinted (when Dr. Feuchtwanger's book was published) in that of December 3, 1927. The above illustrations are of special interest as showing what are believed to be portraits of the Duchess

[Continued below.]



5. WHERE THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FRESCOES CONTAINING SUPPOSED PORTRAITS OF "THE UGLY DUCHESS" ARE PRESERVED: THE ROMANTIC ROCK-BUILT CASTLE OF RUNKELSTEIN, BESIDE THE RIVER TALFER, IN THE TYROL.

are indebted for our illustrations, "are the 'Courtly Dance' and the 'Game of Ball.' The crowned princess who leads the dance, and the lady throwing a ball, are said to be Margaret, heiress of the Tyrol. Her nickname of 'Maultasch' ('pocket mouth') was due to her salient under-lip. She led a very roaming life. Her ugliness and her sensual appetite became historic. Proof thereof is a device engraved on her tumbler, still existing—'A long love-woe is my heart's pivot.' It was through her that the Tyrol passed (in 1363) to the Habsburg dynasty."

"Shamrock V" Wins Her First Race: A Good Augury for the America's Cup.



THE FIRST RACING APPEARANCE OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S NEW CHALLENGER YACHT FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP: "SHAMROCK V" (WITHOUT BOWSPRIT, NEAREST CAMERA) AND LORD CAMROSE'S "CAMBRIA" SAILING CLOSE TOGETHER DURING A RACE AT THE ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB REGATTA, THE OPENING EVENT OF THE SEASON FOR BIG CLASS YACHTS.



SHOWING ONE OF THE CREW ALOFT IN THE RIGGING: A STERN VIEW OF "SHAMROCK V," WITH SPINNAKERS SET, LEADING THE "FIELD". DURING A RACE IN THE HARWICH REGATTA.



THE FIRST BIG YACHT ON THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC BUILT WITHOUT A BOWSPRIT: "SHAMROCK V" (IN LEFT FOREGROUND) LEADING "CAMBRIA" DURING THE RACES AT HARWICH.

Sir Thomas Lipton's new yacht, "Shamrock V," with which next September he will compete for the fifth time for the America's Cup, made her first appearance in racing on May 17, in the annual two-days regatta of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, which concluded on the 19th. It was an occasion of good augury for the new challenger, for in the first event in which she has taken part she scored a remarkable victory. The other big yachts competing were Lord Camrose's "Cambria," Lord Waring's "White Heather," Mr. R. A. Paton's "Lulworth," and Mr. H. A. Andreae's "Candida." "Shamrock V," it is stated in a description of the race, made a splendid showing, especially on the windward work, the true

test of a boat's ability. On the conclusion of the race a number of prominent yachtsmen visited Sir Thomas Lipton on board his yacht "Erin" to congratulate him on the challenger's fine performance. "Shamrock V," it may be added, is of the Bermuda type of rig. She is the first large yacht built on this side of the Atlantic to dispense with a bowsprit, and is so designed that her sail area can be entirely spread within the limits of the boat, thus giving her the appearance of a very tall ship. While she has about 700 square feet less canvas than an International rule 24-metre yacht, the height of her sail plan is greater by some 15 ft., rising to 152 ft. 6 in. above the deck.

ARTISTRY AND CRAFTSMANSHIP IN MEDIAEVAL ENGLAND: THE

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND



1. A PANEL FROM A COPE—REPRESENTING THE CRUCIFIXION—A FINE PIECE OF OPUS ANGILICANUM WORK REMOVED THROUGHOUT CHRISTENDOM IN THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES.



2. FOURTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTED OAK FIGURES OF THE VIRGIN OF THE ANNUNCIATION AND ST. GABRIEL.



3. AN OAK CHAIR—ORIGINALLY IN LITTLE DUNMOW PRIORY—FORMERLY USED IN THE CEREMONY OF THE FLITCH; SHOWING THE HOLES FOR THE POLES.



4. A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY OAK CHEST FROM DERSINGHAM CHURCH, NORFOLK; A PIECE BOLDLY CARVED WITH GOTHIC TRACERY AND EMBLEMS OF THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.



5. ONE OF A PAIR OF RICHLY EMBROIDERED VELVET COPE, WITH EMBROIDERED ORPHREYS AND HOODS, WHICH DATE FROM ABOUT 1500.



6. A SILVER-GILT PATEN DATING FROM ABOUT 1525; WITH AN ENAMELLED MEDALLION OF THE TRINITY—FROM CLIFFE-AT-NOO CHURCH, KENT.



7. A PAINTING IN GESSO OF KING RICHARD II.; A WORK WHICH DATES FROM THE END OF THE XIVth CENTURY.



8. A FRAGMENT OF A MID-FOURTEENTH-CENTURY STONE FIGURE OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD; A VERY BEAUTIFUL PIECE.

FINE MUSEUM EXHIBITION.

ALBERT MUSEUM AND THE OWNERS OF THE PIECES.



9. A DRAWING FROM A TWELFTH-CENTURY MS. OF BEDE, ON THE APOCALYPSE; SHOWING ST. JOHN, VESTED AS A BISHOP, BLESSING A PROSTRATE MONK.



11. "THE GIANT SALT" (BEQUEATHED AS THE FOUNDER'S SALT) OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD; A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY PIECE.



12. AN EARLY FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ALABASTER FIGURE OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD—ONE OF THREE LENT BY NOTTINGHAM.



10. A FIGURE FROM THE COLOURED TOURNAMENT ROLL (1500-10) ILLUSTRATING THE LISTS AND COMBAT AT THE JOUSTS HELD AT WESTMINSTER IN HONOUR OF KATHARINE OF ARAGON ON THE BIRTH OF PRINCE HENRY.



13. A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CHASUBLE WHICH HAS REPRESENTATIONS OF ST. DUNSTON, ST. BLAISE, ST. ASAPH, ST. ODE, AND ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

There is now in being in the North Court of the Victoria and Albert Museum a Loan Exhibition of English Mediaeval Art which is already attracting much well-deserved attention, and will attract a great deal more before it comes to an end in September. It was opened on May 14 by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who stressed the point that the Church had been the sphere, the inspiration, and the patron of the arts in the Middle Ages, and noted that the exhibits had been chosen not only from the scattered treasures of the Museum itself, but from the English cathedrals and parish churches, as well as from colleges, City companies, private houses, and collections in the United States and in France. It was sought, he added, to illustrate the development of mediaeval art in three sections—from the earliest Anglo-Saxon times to the twelfth century; from the twelfth century to the fourteenth; and from the fourteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century. The following notes refer to illustrations reproduced above: (1) This panel is one of several fine pieces of *opus Angilicanum* in the Exhibition. (2) These figures of the Virgin of the Annunciation and St. Gabriel, the Angel of the Annunciation, are from the Hall of the

College of the Vicars Choral, Wells. The contemporary base of the former is carved with the Adoration of the Magi, and that of the latter with two wrestlers. (3) This oak chair is one of a series of stalls originally in Little Dunmow Priory, and now kept in the church. It was used formerly in the ceremony of the Flitch, poles being passed through the two holes, it is said, so that the winners of the Flitch might be carried in it. (5) The pair of velvet copes, one of which is here illustrated, were lent by Ossett College, Birmingham. (7) This portrait of Richard II is painted on six oak panels, joined vertically. It is from Westminster Abbey. (8) This very beautiful piece was dug up in the grounds of Winchester Cathedral and has been lent by the Dean and Chapter. (10) This figure is from the contemporary coloured Tournament Roll illustrating the lists and combat at the jousts held at Westminster in honour of Katharine of Aragon, on the birth of Prince Henry. The Roll, which has been lent by the Herald's College, is almost sixty feet in length. (11) This silver-gilt and painted salt was bequeathed to All Souls College, Oxford, in 1799, as the Founder's Salt. (13) This chasuble has been lent by Stonyhurst College.

The Economic Crisis and the Moral Crisis.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THERE appeared recently, in an English paper, an article by a clever manipulator of statistics who asserted that at the end of March there were thirty million workmen without work in Europe and America. Is that figure correct? It is, alas! only too certain that unemployment had never before attained such considerable proportions in the two richest continents of the earth. At the same time, the markets are flooded with raw materials and manufactured objects, which signifies that there is over-production of everything. Over-production and unemployment!—the absurdity of this lack of balance is obvious. One part of humanity works and produces too much; another part is condemned to forced idleness and cannot afford to be consumers—so that both parties suffer. Where are we to seek for the cause of that absurd lack of balance? There is no doubt that it lies in the excess of production and consumption produced by the World War.

War is a great consumer. For a short time, all wars have given rise to certain productions of which the army stood in need. But this stimulation was never so active as during the World War. The number of combatants was so enormous, the armies consumed so many things every day, the financial resources of the combatants were so great, that for four years the whole globe was enriched by the tearing-to-pieces of Europe. The price of raw materials, manufactured objects, food products, metals, and chemical products doubled and trebled throughout the world. The two Americas, Japan, China, and Australasia took part in the Saturnalia of profits which surrounded the most sanguinary massacres of history. Without any effort on their part, only because millions of men were killing each other in certain parts of Europe and Asia, the workmen, the peasants, the industrialists, and the proprietors of the world woke up one fine day to the smiles and caresses of a prosperity which had suddenly returned to the earth. What did it matter if this new age was splashed with blood? All the world that was earning more set itself to spend. Prosperity and high prices spread everywhere; they passed from the industries and commerce which had worked for the war to the luxury industries and commerce.

The impetus given to production and to consumption by the war was so strong that it continued for four or five years after the conflict was over. Many people did not begin to spend the money accumulated during the war until after the peace. The Governments, carried away by the quickness of its acquisition, continued to spend everywhere and to run into debt without counting the cost. To this way of destroying capital a new and more subtle means was adopted: inflation. Inflation was for Continental Europe merely a means for abolishing the enormous private and public debts which had been contracted during the war, profiting the debtors—that is to say, the industrialists, the proprietors, the merchants, the workmen or the peasants—who would have had to pay their debts by their work, interest and capital alike. All the industries and all commerce which had prospered during the period of inflation enriched themselves by the ruin of their creditors, States and private individuals alike. After they had created debts they devoured them: man had never before invented such an ingenious and extravagant means of creating apparent riches.

But, in point of fact, despite all these expedients, the destruction of capital could not last for ever. Even the credit of the richest States was worn out at last. One after another, the European States had to re-enter the

sphere of possibilities; cease to make debts, balance their Budgets, stabilise the currency at a higher or lower rate of interest. Once all the currencies were stabilised, Europe ceased to live on its capital, and returned to living on its revenue. Little by little the over-consumption, which had lasted since 1915, drew to its end; agriculture, industry, and commerce saw their customers diminish and were forced to lower their prices and dismiss some of their work-people; unemployment increased and profits diminished, which still more reduced the consumption and accentuated the crisis.

Just as in the prosperous period the rise in prices mutually pushed each other towards the top, the lowering of prices to-day is as an avalanche on the slopes of ruin. The crisis was inevitable. Will it last long? What will

We see in this significant example the force and the feebleness of our epoch. Our civilisation is so strong and has so many resources at its disposal that it may even make a bad use of the most dangerous experiences. When the World War broke out, the general opinion held good, even among the economists, that it could only last for a few months, because all resources would be exhausted. The resources sufficed for a general war of four years and a-half. When it was recognised that the war continued despite the prevision of too timid wisdom, it was thought that it would be followed by terrible misery. Europe was spending for war purposes the capital she had accumulated since 1848, and, so long as the fighting continued and there were reserves which could be liquidated, the orgy of profits and expenditure could continue; after that, there would only be misery and ruin. That conclusion seemed an obvious one. And yet the war was followed by a period of sickly prosperity—unstable, paradoxical, but almost general.

The actual facts have appeared to amuse themselves during the last fifteen years by giving the lie most unexpectedly to man's wisdom. Men had almost ended by believing that the World War had enriched the world. But these flat contradictions were only apparent. If the sanction of errors has become slower, the prolongation of the evil has been aggravated and become more difficult to cure. Wisdom has not lost her eternal rights, but she finds it more difficult to gain attention when minds are closed against her voice by the superficial optimism of temporary impunity.

The world had allowed herself to be deceived by her own strength and resistance when she almost convinced herself that she had been enriched by the war. The present crisis is the rather rude awakening which drives away that illusion, whose rather too confused allurements had reduced so many spirits. But was not that idea merely the illusion of optimism vitiated by impunity? Was there not an eternal truth even in that illusion? Reflections of a general character will enable us once more to reply to this question. The immense consumption of the World War inspired production. To satisfy demand, it was sought to find new coal, tin, copper, zinc, and lead mines, and in all countries the perfecting of methods for their extraction was brought to the highest pitch. Man spread the cultivation of cereals, cotton, tobacco, and coffee over fallow or waste lands; found new chemical processes and constructed more powerful machines; multiplied hydro-electric installations; perfected aviation, telegraphy, and wireless. Humanity has, since the war, added a third means of communication to those already existing by land and water: the atmosphere. The Hertzian waves are captured to-day by millions of instruments and placed at the service of the whole world. Men have multiplied the fabrication of all those objects which men consume by still more vulgarising the luxuries of the rich—the motor-car, for example.

A part of that production is, for the moment, superfluous. But if mankind cannot consume it they much wish to do so. The access of asceticism which alone could break down modern civilisation from its very base, by rendering useless nearly all the riches which it produces, has not yet begun, and there are no signs of its coming. On the other hand, all those mines and workshops and those new farms which have been installed or created

will not disappear. Closed or immobilised for a certain time, they may occasionally change hands. But, as men desire to consume their products, once more the masses will profit by the deception and ruin of individuals: they will end by being used. It will only need time and a certain amount of effort to adapt the salaries, the profits, the capitalisations, and the prices gained to the masses' possibility of purchase.

The World War has not enriched the world: that illusion was too simple to be able to last. But, if the World War destroyed an enormous amount of capital, annihilated and razed to the ground whole towns, thousands of villages, factories, and farms in Belgium, Northern France, Venetia, and Poland, it also expedited production and created new sources of riches. From the economical point of view it had an active and a passive side which does not explain

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A YACHT THAT BELONGED TO KING EDWARD VII. WHEN HE WAS PRINCE OF WALES, AND WAS RECENTLY A RUM-RUNNER! THE "YANKTON," WHICH WAS THE "PENELOPE" WHEN ROYALLY OWNED.



THE ROYAL YACHT THAT BECAME A RUM-RUNNER: THE "YANKTON" BEING DISMANTLED IN A SHIPBREAKER'S YARD IN BOSTON.

The "Yankton," which is now being broken up, was owned by King Edward VII. when he was Prince of Wales. She was then the "Penelope." Later, Sarah Bernhardt owned her and renamed her "Cleopatra." Then she came into the hands of an American millionaire, and was the "Sapphire." Soon afterwards the United States Government acquired her, and used her as a gunboat in the Spanish-American War, and as a submarine patrol during the Great War. Later, she became a rum-runner and then a coastal fleet steamer.

be the political and social consequences of it? A few observations of a general character will be useful to those who are preoccupied with these questions and would like to answer them.

This crisis differs from those which preceded it a century ago because it was so long incubating. It would have been less painful and complex if it had broken out six months or a year after the end of the war. But it broke out ten years afterwards, when the World War—that is to say, its cause—had already begun to fade in the misty atmosphere of remembrances which were already becoming history. The world did not expect that crisis or believed that it was already past. It was like the unexpected demand for a debt which was thought to be already paid.

OUR NEWS-PORTRAIT PAGE.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



THE KING'S RECEPTION OF OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'S OF THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT: HIS MAJESTY AND THE QUEEN PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE OFFICERS IN THE GARDEN OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE. — LIEUT.-COL. B. C. FREYBERG, V.C., AT HIS MAJESTY'S RIGHT HAND.

The King received a detachment of officers and non-commissioned officers of the Manchester Regiment in the garden of Buckingham Palace on May 16. His Majesty became Colonel-in-

Chief of the regiment last December. Recalling the history of the regiment, he remembered that eleven Victoria Crosses were gained by it during the Great War.



WITH THE TIGER SHOT BY THE FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD HEIR-APPARENT: THE NAWABZADAH OF PALANPUR, THE MAHARAJAH OF BIKANER, AND THE NAWAB OF PALANPUR.

The tiger, which was the Nawabzadah Iqbal Muhammad's first, measured 9 ft. 8 in.



THE GOULBURN ((AUSTRALIA) POLO TEAM OF BROTHERS: MESSRS. P. S. K., G. G., J. H., AND R. R. ASHTON AFTER BEATING THE UBIQUE TEAM AT ROEHAMPTON.

The Australians won by 12 goals to 7½. The Ubiq team received 34.

MR. J. B. MANSON.

New Director of the Tate Gallery, Millbank. Formerly, Assistant Keeper. Painter of flower pieces, portraits and landscapes. Succeeds Mr. Charles Aitken.



MR. W. J. LOCKE.

The famous writer of romantic fiction. Died on May 15. Born, March 20, 1863. Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," and numerous other popular works.



HERR MAX VALIER, INVENTOR OF THE ROCKET CARS AND AIRCRAFT, WHO HAS BEEN KILLED BY AN EXPLODING ROCKET.

Apparently, Herr Valier was preparing a rocket for a future trial when it burst. A fragment of metal hit the inventor in the chest and he died soon afterwards. He was thirty-five. He was of French Huguenot descent, and was born at Bolsano.

M. JULES MERMOZ.

Landed at Natal, Brazil, on May 13, in a seaplane after making the first flight across the South Atlantic on a regular mail service between France and South America.



MR. R. H. SELBIE.

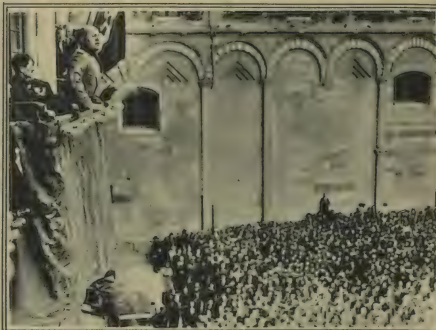
Died suddenly in St. Paul's Cathedral on May 17. Born, 1868. General Manager of the Metropolitan Railway since 1908. Controller of Horse Transport during the War, etc. A C.B.E.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: RECORDED BY



PESHAWAR OCCUPIED BY THE TROOPS AND CLEARED OF AGITATORS: AN ARREST OF CONGRESS LEADERS (IN CENTRE, UNDER ESCORT) ON MAY 4.
In order to clear Peshawar of Congress leaders and agitators, a force of infantry, cavalry, and aeroplanes joined in a raid in the early hours of Sunday, May 4, and made thirty arrests. Before dawn, troops of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, Curlihan, Korum Militia, and Frontier Constabulary silently occupied the city and awaited the signal to begin the raid. They visited houses where suspects were known to be living, and the latter had no opportunity to resist.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI IN PROVOCATIVE VEIN: THE DUCE HARANGUING A GREAT CROWD FROM A BALCONY IN THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA AT FLORENCE.

Signor Mussolini made a distinctly bellicose speech at Florence on May 17. "The twenty-nine units of the new naval programme," he said, "will be put upon the sea because the will of Fascism is iron and decisive." Referring to a review of troops, he said: "I desired it because, although words are, beautiful things, rifles, machine-guns, ships, aeroplanes, and cannon are still more beautiful things: because, O Blackshirts, right, unless accompanied by force, is a vain word."



LIVING REPLICAS OF THE FAMOUS PORTLAND VASE IN THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT AT THE WEDGWOOD BICENTENARY: GIRLS OF THE PRESENT WEDGWOOD STAFF IN COSTUME.
Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, visited Stoke-on-Trent on May 19 to inaugurate the celebration held in honour of the bicentenary of Josiah Wedgwood, the famous potter, of whose work an illustrated account was given in our issue of May 17. The Princess spent a long time at the exhibition of modern Staffordshire pottery in the King's Hall, where she made a number of purchases. She was entertained at luncheon in the Town Hall by the Lord Mayor (Alderman G. H. Barber).



FIGHTING A GREAT RIVERSIDE FIRE THAT CAUSED A PALL OF SMOKE OVER CENTRAL LONDON: A FIRE-FLOAT IN ACTION ON THE THAMES.

Fire broke out at 5.15 p.m. on May 19 at the riverside warehouse of Messrs. H. R. Perry and Son, wharfingers, at Priory's Wharf, Commercial Road, Southwark, and raged throughout the night. The building stands on the south side of the Thames, between Waterloo and Blackfriars Bridges, and opposite the Victoria Embankment, where a huge crowd collected to watch the spectacle and the famous pouring water on the flames from fireboats in the river and high points on shore. Once a huge burst of flame lit up the scene like a flash of lightning.

OUTSTANDING EVENTS ILLUSTRATION.



TORNADO HAVOC IN NEBRASKA: A SCENE OF RUIN AT THE TOWN OF TEKAMAH,

WITH RESIDENTS SEARCHING THE DEBRIS FOR THEIR BELONGINGS.
Various parts of the United States have suffered severely from tornadoes or "twisters," as they are usually called, accompanied by hail and heavy rain. Both villages worked havoc in nine of the Middle Western States on May 1, causing eighteen deaths, injuries to scores of people, and immense damage to property. The tornado here illustrated wrecked the residential quarter of Tekamah. (Continued opposite.)



THE ROYAL OPENER OF EXHIBITIONS AT THE BICENTENARY OF WEDGWOOD: PRINCESS MARY, COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD, INSPECTING SPECIMENS OF POTTERY.
and the President of the British Pottery Manufacturers' Federation (Mr. H. J. Johnson), at whose invitation she unveiled a memorial window to Major Cecil Wedgwood, D.S.O., killed at the Battle of the Somme in 1916. In the afternoon Princess Mary witnessed the prologue of a great historical pageant, in eight episodes, with 5000 participants, representing the progress of English pottery. The prologue included at Old to Art rising by a choir and a procession of girls in costume.



A STREET SWEEPED WITH WATER AND FLOATING DOUGH DURING THE GREAT FIRE AT A FLOUR WAREHOUSE: RESIDENTS KEEPING THE DRAINS CLEAR TO PREVENT A FLOOD.

and at one time a fall of smoke overhung the whole district. Four firemen were overcome by the smoke and taken to hospital. At 3 a.m. water was still being pumped from ten hoses, and a regular "rain" was still pouring out of the yard into Commercial Road, with floating masses of dough from the 20,000 sacks of flour in the burning warehouse. Householders worked hard to keep the drains clear and prevent basements being flooded. The fire-bricks continued working for eighteen hours.



THE TORNADO THAT CAUSED THE WRECKAGE SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH:

A FUNNEL-SHAPED "TWISTER" APPROACHING TEKAMAH.
Nebraska, where several people were killed, including a baby in its mother's arms. The lighting system of the town was put out of operation, making very difficult the work of doctors and rescuers, who had sometimes to grope their way in the dark through masses of wreckage, crissed only by the cries of the injured. Very severe tornadoes occurred later (on May 6) in Texas, and the number of deaths was given at sixty-five. Similar disasters took place on May 10 in Arkansas, and in Dallas County, Texas.



THE FUNERAL OF DR. NANSEN (THE CELEBRATED NORWEGIAN ARCTIC EXPLORER) AT OSLO: THE FLAG-DRAPE COFFIN ON ITS WAY TO THE CREMATORIUM AFTER THE CEREMONY.
Dr. Nansen's funeral took place in Oslo on Constitution Day (May 17), and the coffin, covered with the Norwegian flag, was saluted by the procession of some 25,000 school-children that takes place on that date. All flags were flown at half-mast, and there was a two minutes' silence before the funeral ceremony, held in the presence of the King, his Ministers and the Storting. Memorial orations were delivered by the Rector Magnificus, the Prime Minister, and the President of the Storting.



THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE JOAN OF ARC CELEBRATIONS AT COMPËGNIE: MILLE NELLY WILHELM AS THE MAID, HIDING IN PROCESSION.

The annual celebrations at Compiegne in honour of St. Joan of Arc, under the name of "Fête de Vierge, Centenaire de la Conquête de Jeanne d'Arc," were arranged to take place this year on May 17, 18, and 25. On the 17th there was a torchlight procession, representing the Maid's entry into Compiegne, in which over 6000 people participated. The episodes prepared for the other days included another procession, tournaments, and an Apollonian.

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE IN BURMA: A SCENE OF HAVOC IN CHINA STREET, RANGOON—SEARCHING THE RUINS OF A BUILDING.

An earthquake did considerable damage in Rangoon on the night of May 5, and it was even more severe at Pegu, the ancient capital of Burma. Official news gave the deaths in Rangoon as 446, and added that over 40 buildings had collapsed. Some of the Indian population are said to have regarded the disaster as a punishment for the arrest of Gandhi. China Street, Rangoon, includes that well-known market, the *Sawal* bazaar.

MITHRAIC WORSHIP IN ROMAN BRITAIN.

A UNIQUE DISCOVERY AT COLCHESTER: A ROMAN TEMPLE OF MITHRA WHERE SECRET RITES WERE PRACTISED.

By M. R. HULL, M.A., Curator of the Colchester and Essex Museum. (See Illustrations in Colour on Page opposite.)

THE identity of Camulodunum, the ancient seat of Cunobeline and head town of the tribe of the Trinobantes, was once a matter of dispute. The only two localities with reasonable claims for this distinction were Colchester and Maldon, and of the claims of the latter no more has been heard for many years. And rightly so, for there is no doubt that the colony founded under Claudius Caesar and named by the Romans Colonia Claudia Victricensis was erected upon the site of the British Camulodunum, and, though Maldon has produced much material of Roman date, there is nothing there to suggest a walled town, especially of the importance of a *colonia*. It is at Colchester, with its great walls standing nearly fifteen feet high round the most part of a circuit of at least 2½ miles, that the Roman colony has long been identified without possibility of doubt.

In recovering the plan of the Roman town the main outline presents little difficulty, for it was well defined by the walls. The great West Gate is well preserved in its southern part, and, as the "Balkerne Gate," is well known as one of the best remains of Roman work in the country. Of Head Gate little is known, while the North and East Gates were destroyed little more than two centuries ago. It is most unfortunate that not even a drawing of either of them now exists. In the interior the utmost difficulty is encountered, for the most part of the area is covered by modern buildings. Nevertheless, during the last year the Roman streets have been found at three points, a fact which affords welcome confirmation and addition to the previous conjectural plan of Dr. R. E. M. Wheeler and Mr. P. G. Laver ("Journal of Roman Studies," Vol. IX., pp. 139 *et seq.*). At several points also it has been possible to examine the remains of houses and plot them on the plan.



FIG. 2. SHOWING THE SMALL OPENING LEADING THROUGH THE WALL, AT FLOOR LEVEL, INTO THE GREAT SEWER: PART OF THE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER, OR "CAVE," IN THE COLCHESTER MITHRÆUM.

The Forum has also been identified, with great probability, and seems to have consisted of a crypto-porticus surrounding a large square in the midst of which stood the temple of Claudius, which was destroyed by Boudicca (Boadicea) and probably never rebuilt. The Castle now stands on the remains of this. The Romans laid their towns out in rectangular blocks, or *insulae*, and it is the two *insulae* just north-east of the Castle and Forum which have been explored in the last two years by the Essex Archaeological Society.

About the middle of the last century a postern gate was discovered in the town wall bounding this area on the north (Trans. of the Essex Archaeological Society, O.S. Vol. I., pp. 210-228). This gate has been completely uncovered. The plan is similar to the postern gates at Silchester and elsewhere in having the outer angles rounded. It is built in one piece with the town walls. The builders of this gate provided a very large arched sewer running under the centre of the roadway under the gate. This fact is certain and most important, as it is additional proof, which was badly needed, that the town walls, gates, and streets (apart from any subsequent alterations) are all contemporary and almost certainly of first-century date.

Above the original roadway nearly two feet of light soil have accumulated. "Finds" date this accumulation to the second and third centuries, during which the gateway must have been almost disused. Late in the fourth century a floor was again laid in the gate, and on this was found a layer of charcoal and burnt earth, indicative of an attack on the gateway resulting in its destruction by fire. The defenders must have won the day, for the damage was repaired by laying a third and better floor over the ashes, but the final destruction followed immediately. Directly upon this last floor lay four inches of charcoal and charred

planking. A very large quantity of this was small brushwood, and this, with the position of the timbers, suggested that the attackers had heaped brushwood against the gates or barricade and fired the whole successfully. So intense had the heat been that the road metal was discoloured by it many inches downwards. Above this—nothing!

As usual, complete darkness descends on the ruins of the Roman town. The date of the catastrophe was most probably round about A.D. 400, and a late coin was found in the second floor.

The masonry of the gate was not ruined by the fire, otherwise we should have found some traces of the repairs carried out on the town walls by Edward the Elder. It probably stood more or less undamaged into the Norman period, when it was systematically ruined for building purposes. A very large part of the superstructure has fallen in one mass, and still lies where it fell. It preserves part of two windows, and, it is hoped, will render possible a reconstruction of the original appearance of the gateway.

The sewer was followed up the field until it terminated at a large building. This building lies with its long axis due north and south, and consists of a large room with concrete floor and a narrow lobby leading from the entrance on the east through several divisions connected with a stairway (and showing several periods of reconstruction) down to the large underground room marked "cave" on the plan (Fig. 1). This room is eight feet below the Roman ground level, and has a massive floor of rough concrete. It measures 39 ft. 3 in. by 19 ft. 6 in. Deep channels in the concrete floor held heavy wooden beams averaging 10 in. by 8 in., and at one point near the door there is a square pit nearly two feet deep, the sides and bottom of which are all of concrete. Towards the north-east corner a small opening, 9 in. square, leads through the wall, at floor level, into the great sewer (Fig. 2). The whole of this building, except a small annexe on the east, is built of massive masonry. The outside walls are three feet thick, and are built of *septaria* with double string courses of tile. The interior of the "cave" is lined with tiles throughout, but is not faced up with mortar, so that it was not intended to hold water. The purpose of the drain would therefore be to keep it dry.

The general plan of this building is remarkably similar to that of the second Mithræum at Hedderheim in Germany. The underground chamber—in place of a cave—is common to all Mithraic temples, and the beams in the floor suggest a timbered substructure for the lateral benches and end-platform, which was the standard arrangement in such temples (see reconstruction-drawing in colour, opposite page). The sump-hole in the floor occurs also elsewhere—e.g., in the third Mithræum at Ostia. Many writers have spoken very loosely of the custom of having a spring of running water led through these temples, without giving further details. We appear to have an excellent example. The spring rises under the stairs and is stopped by a bank of clay through which just enough water makes its way to keep the concrete floor of the "cave" wet. This keeps the sump for the holy water full, and excess water was led away by the drain at the opposite corner.

The most valuable fact about this building is that the whole plan of the south end is intact. More than that, the large south room, reconstructed at Hedderheim as a pillared portico in the classical style, had its south wall standing eighteen inches above the concrete floor. The *pronaos* of a Mithraic temple, then, was not an open portico—indeed, open access to the "cave" was quite incompatible with the secrecy observed in the cult. There is the further evidence, in our case, that the door was in the east wall, yet quadrant-shaped bricks from columns were found in the ruins of the portico, and accordingly our reconstruction shows a pseudo-portico with half-engaged columns and provision for internal lighting high up under the cornice. The room thus formed would serve as an excellent robing and ante-room. I think the artist will not be over-anxious if I venture to remark here that he has been too free with his "sun-discs." The interior reconstruction (opposite page) has been made on the model of St. Clement at Rome,

assuming that the roof was timbered and tiled, with a plaster vault inside, as at Carnuntum. Carnuntum, incidentally, provides a chronological parallel, for the Mithræum there was also built during the Flavian period (Cumont, "Les Mystères de Mithra," p. 37).

It is known that in many places the Christians attacked and destroyed the temples of Mithra with the utmost ferocity. There is every indication of the same occurrence here. The "cave" was "defiled" by throwing in several feet of filth and rubbish, including human remains, and then the walls were razed and the hollow filled up. Every object connected with this cult was removed (possibly to safety by the devotees). It is possible that the southern part of the building, above ground, was allowed to stand for some other purpose, but it is more probable that the whole was destroyed. The great sewer is arched from the point where it leaves the "cave" for over 50 feet. It is built entirely of brick, and is 19 to 30 inches wide and nearly 4 feet deep. This side wall has been built in two sections, the tiles in the lower part being 17 inches long and those in the upper part only 15 inches. The numerous side openings are often double, the opening in the lower part being repeated in the upper.

For the whole of the 600 feet of its course this drain—the finest example in Britain—runs slightly sinuously about its centre line, producing a strange impression. The Roman constructors clearly believed that this reduced the pressure of the water. All the while it runs by the side of the street which led inwards from the gate. When it reaches the gate it makes a final twist to come across under the road and so out through the gate where it is again arched over (Fig. 3). Here also it receives its last confluence. The drain from the intervallum road is brought in through

a large rectangular opening which was closed by a grid, the iron staple for which is visible in Fig. 3. The remainder of the area could only be slightly explored by trenching. Remains of houses were discovered in both *insulae*, but these were of a very poor nature. The best remains under this heading were those of a hypocaust.

The result of the work is to give one reason to believe that, after the destruction of the town by Boudicca, it was rebuilt on an elaborate scale, as befitted the town which was then regarded as the capital of the province. To this period would belong the town walls, gates, streets, and the best public buildings. But natural developments soon demonstrated that London was the actual capital, and from that time—perhaps about the time of Trajan—Colchester sank in importance. The population may not have decreased, but prosperity certainly seems to have done so, and it is not certain that the whole of the area enclosed by the walls was ever fully occupied. It is most regrettable that this area, which is being incorporated in the Castle Park, has been closed before the whole of it could be thoroughly explored. Thus passes the last opportunity of such work upon the largest open space remaining within the town walls.



FIG. 1. INDICATING THE POSITION OF THE "CAVE," THE PIT, AND THE CHANNEL OPENING INTO THE SEWER: A PLAN OF THE TEMPLE OF MITHRA FOUND AT COLCHESTER.



FIG. 3. THE FINEST OF ITS KIND IN BRITAIN: THE ROMAN DRAIN (CLOACA) AT COLCHESTER—THE LAST BEND NEAR THE GATE, SHOWING ITS CONFLUENCE WITH ANOTHER DRAIN BROUGHT IN THROUGH A RECTANGULAR OPENING.

Just above the opening (on the right) for the entrance of the tributary drain may be seen an iron staple between the bricks, once used for an iron grid.



AS IT PROBABLY APPEARED IN THE DAYS OF BOADICEA, WHO DESTROYED CAMULODUNUM (COLCHESTER), THEN CAPITAL OF ROMAN BRITAIN: THE MITHRÆUM WHOSE RUINS HAVE RECENTLY BEEN DISCOVERED AND EXCAVATED THERE—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.



UNIQUE AMONG ROMAN ANTIQUITIES IN THIS COUNTRY: THE INTERIOR OF THE FOURTH-CENTURY TEMPLE OF MITHRAS AT COLCHESTER, WHERE THE ROMANS PRACTISED THE RITES OF A SECRET CULT—A "RECONSTRUCTION" SHOWING LATERAL BENCHES, END-PLATFORM, AND ROOF-WINDOWS.

These interesting "reconstruction" drawings illustrate the Roman Temple of Mithras (unique in this country), recently discovered and excavated at Colchester (Roman Camulodunum) by the Essex Archaeological Society. In his article given elsewhere in this number, Mr. M. R. Hull, Curator of the Colchester and Essex Museum, writes: "The general plan of this building is remarkably similar to that of the second Mithræum at Heddernheim in Germany. The underground

chamber—in place of a cave—is common to all Mithraic temples, and the beams in the floor suggest a timbered substructure for the lateral benches and end-platform, which was the standard arrangement in such temples (see reconstruction drawing). . . . Open access to the 'cave' was quite incompatible with the secrecy observed in the cult. . . . Our reconstruction shows a pseudo-portico, with half-engaged columns, and provision for internal lighting high up under the cornice."

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY KENNETH C. SCARFF, BASED ON ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES. (SEE ARTICLE AND PHOTOGRAPHS ELSEWHERE IN THIS NUMBER.)

South African Flowers, Birds, and Butterflies in Textiles and Ceramics: Designs for Cretonnes and Crockery.



SOUTH AFRICAN NATURE STUDY TO BE EMBROIDERED IN CRETONNE: A SCHOOL-GIRL'S DESIGN INTRODUCING *SANDERSONIA*, *PROTEA PITYPHYLLA*, *GANZIA SUBULATA*, *HEMANTHUS* FRUITS, AND THE SUNBIRD.



BASED ON THE FLORA AND BIRD LIFE OF SOUTH AFRICA: A CRETONNE DESIGN INTRODUCING *LEUCADENDRON*, *GREYIA*, *LITTONIA*, *ERYTHRINA CAFFRA*, WITH THE BEE-EATER, BUSH-SHRIKE, AND SOUTH AFRICAN STARLING.



THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA COMBINED WITH ART IN EDUCATION: ANOTHER SCHOOL-GIRL'S DESIGN FOR A CRETONNE, INTRODUCING *MORMORDICA*, *CYRTANTHUS OBOLUOUS*, AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN STARLING.



A DESIGN FOR A CRETONNE DERIVED FROM SOUTH AFRICAN FLOWERS AND BIRD LIFE: A SCHOOL-GIRL'S DRAWING THAT INTRODUCES NEHINE, *GLORIOSA SUPERBA*, *PROTEA PITYPHYLLA*, *MORMORDICA*, AND THE HONEY-BIRD.



AN INDIGENEOUS SOUTH AFRICAN FLOWER USED FOR THE DECORATION OF POTTERY: A SCHOOL-GIRL'S DESIGN FOR A PLATE, INTRODUCING *GLORIOSA SUPERBA* (SEEN ALSO IN TWO OF THE TEXTILE DESIGNS).



FLOWERS AND INSECTS OF SOUTH AFRICA IN A DESIGN FOR A CURTAIN BORDER TO BE WORKED IN WOOL: A DRAWING THAT INTRODUCES *HEMANTHUS*, *GLORIOSA SUPERBA*, OX-EYED DAISY, KAFFIR BOOM, *CLIVEA*, AND *PROTEA*, WITH THE CARPENTER BEE, GRASSHOPPER, AND BUTTERFLIES.



A CRETONNE DESIGN INTRODUCING *PROTEA*, *CEROPOGON HIEVERI*, AND THE HONEY-BIRD: ONE OF THE INTERESTING SERIES (TO WHICH THE OTHERS ALSO BELONG) PRODUCED AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL IN PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL.

flora of the South, and for a time these graced the gardens of Great Britain and certain Continental countries. Lately, the interest in these flowers has been revived, and at Kew Gardens and other institutions in Europe their propagation in the Northern Hemisphere is being extensively carried on. In the interval, South Africa's priceless possession in its flora has been brought home to the people of that Dominion, and institutions have been established for their preservation and protection. The interest in this matter has been carried further into schools, where the work of inculcating in the minds of pupils a love of the natural beauties of their country is proceeding apace. As a vivid example of this we reproduce on this page some designs for cretonnes, curtain borders, and crockery by pupils, between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, of the Girls' High School (Alexandra Road), Pietermaritzburg, Natal. The designs were originally prepared for a competition in the Art Section Exhibition of the Annual Agricultural Show at Maritzburg, and certain of the designs reproduced here figured among the winning entries. While the work may, to some extent, bear signs of juvenile immaturity, the general quality and appeal are an eloquent tribute to the

Headmistress and Art Mistress of the School, who have fostered this appreciation of the natural beauties of South Africa in the minds of their pupils. Apart from the happy colouring of the flora, which lends itself to this form of design, it will be noted that the birds and butterflies of South Africa are equally appealing in their colourfulness. The spread of knowledge about birds, reptiles, and Lepidoptera is also fast developing in South Africa, and the work has been ably fostered by Dr. Fitzsimmons, the Curator of the wonderful Snake Park at Port Elizabeth. Africa was formerly described as a land of rivers without water and of birds without song, but the dissemination of fuller knowledge of this remarkable Dominion is rapidly disproving the truth of those early descriptions. Its essential characteristic is one of sunshine, and something of that brightness is reflected in the vivid colourings of its flora, birds, and butterflies. These attractions, combined with the wonderful scenic beauty and the extraordinarily fascinating appeal of the veld, are becoming more widely known each year in overseas countries, and account for the growing popularity of this Dominion as a field of travel for the holiday-maker, the sportsman, or the scientist. As a convenience to our readers, it may be stated here that information about South Africa may be obtained from an official source—that is, from the Director of the Publicity and Travel Bureau of the South African Government in the Office of the High Commissioner, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.



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THE SOLO LONDON-AUSTRALIA FLIGHT AIRWOMAN: AT KARACHI.



WEARING "SHORTS," AND CARRYING A BOUQUET PRESENTED BY THE CHIEF OF THE KARACHI MUNICIPALITY: MISS AMY JOHNSON, BESIDE HER GIPSY MOTH AEROPLANE, "JASON," JUST AFTER COMPLETING A RECORD SOLO FLIGHT TO INDIA—(BELOW) TAXI-ING INTO THE KARACHI AERODROME, HER SUN-HELMET JUST VISIBLE ABOVE THE MACHINE.

Miss Amy Johnson's six-day flight from Croydon to Karachi (as noted under the full-page portrait of her in our last issue) set up a new record for a solo flight from London to India. We now give two of the first photographs to reach England taken when she landed at Karachi, on May 10, in her Gipsy Moth, "Jason." She was garlanded and handed a bouquet by the chief officer of the Karachi Municipality. After spending the night at Government House, as guest of the Commissioner in Sind, she resumed her flight next day, reaching Calcutta (via Jhansi and Allahabad) on May 12. "This is just an ordinary flight," she is said to have remarked, "except that it is longer. Every woman will be doing this in five years' time." On the next stage she had a slight mishap, owing to bad visibility, mistaking

(Continued opposite)

playing-fields at Insein for the Rangoon racecourse. Some little damage to her machine caused delay, but, though she could no longer break Mr. Bert Hinkler's record to Australia, she still hoped to make a record in the flying hours for the journey. She left Rangoon in blinding rain and had a difficult passage to Bangkok, on May 16. Thence she flew to Singapore, again in bad weather, and on the 20th reached Sourabaya,

in Java, after a forced landing through lack of fuel. Her plans were then Bima-Atamboea-Port Darwin. Her flight aroused widespread enthusiasm in Australia, especially among women, and great preparations were made to celebrate her arrival. A letter which was sent to her at Sydney General Post Office was addressed "Miss Amy Johnson, Queen of the Air."



Mob Savagery in Peshawar: The Attacks on the Armoured Cars.



THE KILLING OF A DISPATCH-RIDER OF THE ROYAL TANK CORPS BY THE MOB, WHO POURED KEROSENE ON THE BODY AND BURNT IT: THE SOLDIER'S MOTOR-CYCLE IN THE ROADWAY, BEHIND THE ARMoured CAR WHICH WENT TO THE RESCUE BUT WAS SET ALIGHT BY THE FLAMES CONSUMING THE DEAD MAN.



ARMOURD CARS IN THE STREETS OF PESHAWAR ON THE FATEFUL APRIL 23: THE CROWD HELD IN CHECK BEFORE THEY BECAME SO UNRULY THAT IT WAS NECESSARY FOR THE TROOPS TO OPEN FIRE—ON THE LEFT, MEN OF THE 2ND-18TH ROYAL GARHWAL RIFLES, THE CONDUCT OF TWO PLATOONS OF WHICH WAS FOUND UNSATISFACTORY.

The first news of the serious rioting in Peshawar came on April 23, and it was reported that there had been mob savagery in the city on that morning, and that British troops and Ghurkas who had entered with the civil authorities had been attacked with stones and bricks. The situation became so menacing that it was necessary to open fire; and order was restored. Later news stated that a private of the Royal Tank Corps, who was dispatch-riding in front of an armoured car, had been seized by the rioters and stoned to death. Our correspondent's account differs from this, in that he says that the dispatch-rider was knocked off his motor-cycle by an axe, which killed him. The crowd then threw kerosene on the body and set it on fire. "The armoured car," continues our correspondent, "in attempting to rescue him, ran too close to the flames and caught fire itself. The crew had difficulty in getting away in safety. The car and ammunition went on exploding for some hours afterwards. The crowd was driven back from it, and can be seen further up the street in the photograph." The city was put out of bounds for all Europeans save those on duty, and military reinforcements for the garrison were sent. According to the

"Daily Telegraph" of May 6, it was understood that after the riots of April 23 "it was decided, on April 26, to evacuate the European women and children and civilians, and to withdraw all the troops, both British and Indian, as these were not in sufficient strength to cope with the troubles." On the same day, the "Telegraph" also said: "The amazing news reached London last night that the city of Peshawar, the capital of the North-West Frontier Province, was for over a week after the riots in the hands of the insurgents." In the early hours of Sunday, May 4, infantry, cavalry, and aeroplanes took part in a raid, with the object of clearing Peshawar City of Congress leaders and agitators. Thirty arrests were made. In connection with the 2nd-18th Royal Garhwal Rifles, on duty on April 23, an official communiqué of April 28 said: "... during the recent disturbances in Peshawar City, when troops had to be employed, the conduct of a small element—namely, two platoons of the 2nd-18th Royal Garhwal Rifles—was found to be unsatisfactory." As to these, our correspondent writes: "Troops on the left are 2nd-18th Garhwal Rifles. Later, crowd rushed these; they broke; and fire was opened to save the situation."

"A CASEMENT OPENING ON THE FOAM OF PERILOUS SEAS."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"PEARL DIVER": By VICTOR BERGE AND H. W. LANIER.*

(PUBLISHED BY HEINEMANN.)

MR. VICTOR BERGE, a Swedish boy who ran away to sea at the age of fourteen, after many vicissitudes and with practically no instruction, became a master pearl diver. His story is told in the first person, but it really owes its literary form to the kind offices of the friend to whom Mr. Berge related it. Mr. Lanier's version attempts to preserve the no doubt colloquial and racy language of the narrator. His efforts are only moderately successful, at any rate to an English ear: American and English slang are not interchangeable. The book also suffers, as a literary work, from the fact that the editor does not confine himself to events, but interpolates particular sensations and general reflections, not all of which ring true. A sophisticated mind, however sympathetic, can hardly put itself in the position of a simple one; and self-conscious descriptions of the scenery, however excellent in themselves, seem out of place when put into the mouth of the child of nature Mr. Berge evidently was. One does not feel the personality of the man who fought with octopuses and sharks in such a passage as this: "The sky was never bluer, the breeze never fresher, the sea garden beneath us never more beautiful, than when our little lugger spread her white wings and sped away from that gruesome island."

The principal thing in the book is not, perhaps, the personality, but the adventuring of the pearl diver, and the insight it gives into a perilous calling of which little is known. But Mr. Berge's career was so romantic that many will read his story because they want to hear what happens to him, not because they are interested in the intricacies of pearl-fishing. If we look at his life from the point of view of the facts that composed it, it seems exceedingly casual; if from the point of view of the spirit that animated it, exceedingly purposeful. A Hindu he met in Australia first gave him the idea of diving for pearls. "Up in the Moluccas was the place where a man could make a fortune, he declared. . . . No doubt he was a plain and fancy liar, but soon he had my boy's mind crazy." Thus was kindled a passion which, sometimes obscured by circumstances, was never extinguished, and which, when we take our leave of him, now thirty-nine years of age, is burning brighter than ever. Before he met the Hindu he made a living snaring "possums" and "ring-barking" in Australia. Before that he had chased ostriches in South Africa, and, before that again, while still a mere child, he had undergone the humiliation of seeing his old home sold up; he had served as a butcher's errand-boy; he had drained the cup of bitterness which made him yield to his natural passion for the sea and leave his native country for ever. He was an orphan, without ties, with nothing to lose and everything to win: helped (or hindered) only by a vague but persistent idealism that made him shrink from mercenary men and shun an occupation, whatever it might be, which consisted chiefly in buying cheap and selling dear.

The captain of the ship in which, as a stowaway, he left Australia for Banda was a Chinaman. "Uncle," as he called his benefactor, believed in him, supported him, gave him the opportunity for his first experiments in diving for pearls, and finally helped to set him up in life. While he was still a novice, fascinated by the beauties of the ocean floor, he found the largest pearl he was (as far as the present story takes us) ever to find. It weighed sixty grains, and it nearly rolled off the boat into the sea before

he got fast hold of it. Valued at two thousand pounds, he sold it to the kindly Chinaman for fourteen hundred and the Chinaman's lugger. He now had the ship, the capital, the experience, and the apparatus to start pearl-fishing on his own account. Three men, all chance acquaintances, joined him: Ro, a Tahitian from Rapa; "Mexican Jack," a man of mixed descent; and a Chinese

they would probably have made food for cannibals. But the Polynesians of Sikiana were a very different kind of folk from the Melanesians of Malaita, and afforded the pearl-fishers a very different welcome. Indeed, Mr. Berge and his companions seem to have found Sikiana a veritable Venusberg, and they lingered long and agreeably with its pleasure-loving inhabitants. But at Santa Cruz—which with Malaita, "the New Hebrides," and a few places in the Gilberts," are the only islands Mr. Berge found "really dangerous for an experienced man"—they were again unwelcome, and left with "spears falling all about us." In the other islands their "music and their dances" made them generally popular. For years they pursued this ideal life, moving from one group to another; they lived together on the best of terms; then suddenly they decided it was time for each of them "to take an individual vacation." They parted, making elaborate arrangements to join later for another trip. But they never met again.

Mr. Berge, now in Australia, restored his falling fortunes by acting as a steeple-jack. But he was lonely. He took characteristic and vigorous measures to remedy this. "To make that (the loneliness) much worse, I'd met a girl in New Zealand. And somehow I couldn't forget about her. That got on my mind so that I finally cabled her to come. We were married. Contracts came in so fast, I had quite a waiting list. My capital grew and grew till I counted it in thousands of pounds. Towards the end of the year my son was born. I became a Mason. It looked as if life had had its own way with me instead of my way. With a family a man can't resist the argument that he ought to settle down. That meant a farm, according to my wife's ideas. . . . The first thing I knew I was the owner of a ranch sixty miles from Johannesburg."

To those who have been long in city pent there is something exhilarating in these rapid and comprehensive changes from loneliness to matrimony, from poverty to wealth, from Australia to South Africa, from steeple-jack to farmer. Mr. Berge stayed long enough in South Africa to forget his mother tongue. He had only been nine years absent from Sweden, and he found it hard to convince the consul of his nationality. The loss of memory was attributed to a "psychological bruise." But he could not settle down in South Africa, could not be happy away from the islands and pearl-fishing: "I knew that it was simply mental suicide for me to try to live that other kind of life." So he returned to Tahiti and spent the next fifteen years in his chosen profession, the possibilities of which, he says, may be vastly extended by the improved method that he has discovered.

Scattered about the book are some very exciting passages describing encounters with marine monsters, especially sharks and octopuses. His fight with the octopus recalls a similar scene in Hugo's "Travailleurs de la Mer," and is not unworthy to be ranked with it. When he was at last brought on board its arms were still embracing him, and had to be cut off. "We finally agreed that the length of each arm must have been eighteen feet; the body not quite the size of a flour-barrel. If one can imagine doing such a thing, a man could probably stretch his arms about it with fingers meeting." The octopus "has three

distinct methods of locomotion. He can crawl nimbly like a huge spider, on the bottom or over rocks, with those eight flexible arms moving like walking snakes. He can paddle or swim through the water with a kind of rowing motion. But above all, when he is attacking, he can hurl himself to a distance by air- and water-pressure through this siphon. With a powerful, swift effort he can

(Continued on page 938.)



IN THE AUCTION ROOM: "A VIEW OF MONTREAL AND THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE SEEN FROM A HILL"—BY T. L. HORNBROOK.

This very interesting picture, which is signed T. L. Hornbrook, is one of the works figuring in a sale of important pictures at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on May 28. Its period is about 1835-1840. It is 24 inches by 36 inches.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, Leicester Square.



IN THE AUCTION ROOM: "PORTRAIT GROUP OF MRS. LANE FECTOR AND HER CHILDREN, PETER AND MARY."—BY RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.

This painting, which is to be sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on May 28, is the property of Mrs. Upton Prior. Mrs. Fector was a daughter of Mr. J. B. Lane, Governor of Dover Castle, circa 1760. The picture passed from her to her daughter Mary, the wife of General Matson, R.E., and from her to her daughter Emma, afterwards the wife of Lieut.-General Sir Henry James, R.E. From her it went to her descendant, the present owner.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, Leicester Square.

bank-clerk called Shanghai Charlie, "really a superior human being."

The four "Pearl Vikings" set out for the Pacific Islands, where they had many strange adventures, and at least one hair's-breadth escape from death. This was in the island of Malaita, where they had gone to replenish their water-barrels, and where, but for the intervention of a chief,

* "Pearl Diver: Adventuring Over and Under Southern Seas." By Victor Berge and Henry Wysham Lanier. Illustrations by Stephen Haweis. (Heinemann; 15s. net.)

TRAVEL BY STEAM, SAIL, AND WING: NOVELTIES; AND A SURVIVAL.



RECENTLY OPENED BY THE PRIME MINISTER: THE NEW LANDING-STAGE FOR LINERS AT TILBURY, SHOWING (IN THE BACKGROUND) THE SPACIOUS NEW CUSTOMS HALL FOR THE EXAMINATION OF PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE—AN ORDEAL TO WHICH MR. MACDONALD MADE SOME HUMOROUS PERSONAL ALLUSIONS.

The new landing-stage for liners at Tilbury, constructed by the Port of London Authority in co-operation with the L.M.S. Railway, at a cost of over £700,000, was opened on May 16 by the Prime Minister. He completed the brief ceremony by attaching a hawser to a bollard and thus mooring the P. and O. liner "Mongolia," the first ship to be berthed there. At the luncheon

in the new Customs Examination Hall, alongside the landing-stage, Sir Josiah Stamp, in proposing the Premier's health, concluded by asking him: "Have you anything to declare?" Mr. MacDonald, in his reply, made amusing confessions of personal experiences. He congratulated the architect, Sir Edwin Cooper, A.R.A., on the beauty and dignity of the new buildings.



THE PREMIER MOORS THE FIRST SHIP TO USE TILBURY'S NEW LANDING-STAGE: MR. MACDONALD HITCHES A HAWSER TO A BOLLARD.



WINNER (FOR THE FOURTH TIME) OF THE AUSTRALIA-TO-ENGLAND OCEAN RACE FOR "WINDJAMMERS": THE "HERZOGIN CECILIE" ENTERING FALMOUTH HARBOUR.

The Finnish clipper "Herzogin Cecilie" has again won (as in the last three years) the ocean race for "windjammers" from Australia to England, completing the voyage from Wallaroo to Falmouth, reached on May 16, in 110 days. Five other ships competed, the "Melbourne," "Pommern," "Lawhill," and "Archibald Russell," all of Finnish ownership, and one Swedish, the "Beatrice."



SAID TO BE THE WORLD'S LARGEST LAND AEROPLANE; AND A STEP TOWARDS THE "ALL-WING" TYPE: THE JUNKERS MONOPLANE "D2000" LANDING AT BERLIN. The Junkers monoplane "D2000," whose wings, six feet thick in the middle, contain the passenger saloon, crew's quarters, fuel and freight holds, made a flight of about 940 miles on May 14, with twenty people on board. Leaving Dessau in the early morning, she cruised for 10½ hours over Berlin and other towns, and landed at 4.30 p.m. on the Tempelhof airfield. The machine measures 150 feet between wing-tips, and has four engines of 2400-h.p. She is a step towards the "all-wing" aeroplane, a design patented by Professor Junkers in 1910.



THE WORLD'S SMALLEST (AND CHEAPEST) AEROPLANE: THE LITTLE COMPER "SWIFT" UNDERNEATH A BIG VICKERS VIRGINIA BOMBER AT BROOKLANDS.

The new "baby" aeroplane, the Comper "Swift," the smallest and cheapest aircraft in the world, attracted much attention at the recent meeting of the Brooklands Aero Club. It weighs only 670 lb., stands about 4 ft. high, costs only £400, and attains a speed of 100 m.p.h. It does 40 miles on a gallon of petrol, and can fly from Paris to London at a cost of 8s. 3d. In our photograph are seen (from left to right) Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation; Mr. Snaith (the Comper's pilot); and Miss Auriol Lee.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS:

REMBRANDT PROBLEMS: ONE AVENUE OF APPROACH—
MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPHS.—AN APPRECIATION.*

By FRANK DAVIS. (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

an object. The real interest of Dr. Laurie's study lies in the application of his experiments to the most varied problems of attribution connected with Rembrandt and his followers. We can convince ourselves without undue exertion, and without the

people who look upon fine pictures as something more than mere dinner-table conversation.

This brings me to the one complaint I have to make. This book is apparently printed in a very limited edition, and is, I understand, being distributed

THE examination of pictures by scientific methods is an undertaking which many lovers of art find a trifle repellent. Is beauty to be measured with a foot-rule? Can genius be confined in a test-tube? Are imponderables to be weighed on a material pair of scales? And when the most exhaustive inquiries have been made, and X-rays, ultra-violet rays, chemical analysis of pigments, and microscopic photographs have all played their part, have we even then arrived at a final and irrefutable conclusion?

I have just been reading a very pretty controversy concerning an Italian portrait. This picture has been under examination at the Sûreté in Paris; it has also received scientific attention in London. The report of the French experts points to its genuineness; the report of the London investigators leads to the opposite conclusion. Connoisseurs, hoping for light, called in the scientists—and the result to date has been complete disagreement. Picture-lovers who assert that art has no place in a laboratory may take courage: scientists can still differ over matters of fact no less than collectors over questions of taste.

But this is by the way. The book* under review is not immediately concerned with any controversy. It owes its genesis, no doubt, to a dispute, but emphatically not the sort of dispute which is taken very seriously by competent judges. At the time of the Dutch Exhibition at Burlington House an attempt was made to question the authorship of the two superb portraits known as Claes Berchem and his wife, which were lent by the Duke of Westminster. These magnificent paintings had always been given to Rembrandt, and it is not overstating the case to assert that the opinion of the best authorities upon the master remains entirely unaffected by the theories advanced at the time of the exhibition. Though it is nowhere expressly stated, the candid reviewer is bound to point out that the ultimate purpose of this beautifully produced volume appears to be to prove



FIG. 1. HOW REMBRANDT PAINTED A HAND: BRUSHWORK BROUGHT OUT BY A MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH FROM HIS PORTRAIT OF CLAES BERCHEM'S WIFE.

When examined from a distance, the curious reticulations of the brush-strokes produce the delicate shadows and modelling below the base of the fingers.

aid of the microscope, that the Duke of Westminster's two Rembrandts are by Rembrandt, but the wider



FIG. 2. HOW FRANS HALS PAINTED A HAND: BRUSHWORK BROUGHT OUT BY A MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH FROM HIS PORTRAIT OF A DUTCH LADY, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY AT EDINBURGH.

It is very interesting to compare the brushwork of Frans Hals, in painting a hand, with that of Rembrandt, as shown in the other magnified photograph reproduced on this page.

Illustrations from the Book here under Review. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Emery Walker, Ltd.

that these two pictures are genuine works by Rembrandt, and by no one else. The elaborate and fascinating demonstration is unnecessary for so limited and (to the general public) so unimportant

questions raised by the author's careful inquiry into the characteristic handwriting, as it were, of the master and his pupils are of interest not only to the specialist, but to the increasingly large number of

privately. I find it hard to believe that a cheap edition, without actual photographs pasted on stiff paper, as in this case, would not find a ready sale. Intelligent appreciation of painting is by no means confined to the learned. For example, I defy anyone not to go round the National Gallery with keener eyes after studying the two plates reproduced here (Figs. 1 and 2). The difference in technique between Rembrandt and Frans Hals is, of course, a commonplace to connoisseurs. But we are not all connoisseurs by nature: we need knowledge thrust upon us. Can one imagine a more striking demonstration than these magnified photographs? They emphasise the brushwork, and bring out in a way impossible by any other method the essential details of the painter's methods. A rather lengthy quotation will summarise the author's views: "The value of magnification in assisting in problems of attribution is that it isolates, magnifies, and emphasises one characteristic of the painter—the drawing with the brush and the accompanying texture, which, from the technical point of view, is the vital and individual quality of operative handling. Every stroke of the brush in painters who show their brushwork is given clearly and sharply over a sufficient area to enable one to form a judgment as to whether the picture is the work of a particular painter. Examination of a picture by the eye through a lens magnifies only a small portion of a picture; does not eliminate colour; and does not admit of accurate comparison of one picture with another.

"One of the most marked features of magnified photographs is the revelation of the intense individuality and personal quality of the brushwork of painters of the first rank, and the way their individual touch and workmanship go into every detail. In place of this living and vital material, the pictures of the second-class painter, photographed in the same way, reveal slabs of paint and muddled jumbling, wanting in character. A magnified photograph of a hand or ribbon painted by Frans Hals is alive; one almost seems to see the brush moving in its appointed task. It has an unmistakable quality of quick, nervous movements and sharp angles that are impossible of imitation by any other painter."

* "A Study of Rembrandt and the Paintings of his School by means of Magnified Photographs." By A. P. Laurie, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Academy of Arts. (Emery Walker, Ltd.).

THE TECHNIQUE OF REMBRANDT AND HIS PUPILS REVEALED BY MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPHS.



1. "SMOOTH CONVENTIONAL PAINTING SHOWN IN REMBRANDT'S EARLY COMMISSION WORK": A MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH FROM HIS PORTRAIT OF JEAN PELLICORNE (WALLACE COLLECTION, NO. 82, 1635).



2. "A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF REMBRANDT'S PAINTING IN HIS MIDDLE PERIOD": A MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH FROM HIS PORTRAIT OF CLAES BERCHEM, OWNED BY THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.



3. "AN IMITATION OF REMBRANDT WITH FORGED SIGNATURE—SMOOTH, PRETTY PAINTING": A MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH FROM A PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN, BY WILHELM DROST (WALLACE COLLECTION, NO. 61).



4. "A MOST ABLE AND INDIVIDUAL METHOD OF PAINTING" REVEALED BY A MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH: A PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN BY JACOB ADRIAENSZ BACKER (WALLACE COLLECTION, NO. 89).

The recent sale of a Rembrandt for £18,500 lends interest to the study of his technique by magnified photographs, as in the book reviewed opposite. The author, Dr. A. P. Laurie, points out the differences between the Master's earlier and later work, and the fact that his pupils imitated his earlier manner. "We have in the Wallace Collection (writes Dr. Laurie) two early Rembrandts, pictures of the 'Pellicorne Family,' painted in 1635. The photographs (e.g., No. 1 above) show a smooth thin painting of the faces, with the shadows laid in on the top. . . . When we study the work of his pupils before 1640, we

shall find exactly the same way of laying in a face. . . . Jacob Adriaensz Backer was one of Rembrandt's pupils (1632-3). This picture (No. 4) is unsigned and has a forged signature of Rembrandt, but its attribution cannot be doubted. The photographs reveal a most able and individual method of painting, which is quite different from Rembrandt's. There is also in the Wallace Collection a picture (No. 3) with the customary forged signature of Rembrandt, attributed to Drost, another of his pupils (1638). . . . The painting of the face is in the smooth, conventional manner."

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THE COCOONS SPUN BY THE SILKWORMS IN THE CHRYSALIS STAGE: THESE COCOONS ARE READY TO BE TAKEN AND STEAMED, THEN WOUND TOGETHER TO FORM A SINGLE THREAD.



HAND-PRINTING ON SILK FROM WOOD BLOCKS OVER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD: A PROCESS GOING ON TO-DAY IN LIBERTY'S FAMOUS WORKS AT MERTON ABBEY.



THE RESULT OF THE PROCESS ILLUSTRATED ON THE LEFT: A FROCK OF LIBERTY'S HAND-BLOCKED SILK.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IT is not often that anyone stands a good chance to get a car given to them for nothing, but when the price of the Willys Whippet "Four" cylinder was reduced from £210 to £198 on May 1, a simple



OWNED BY THE MAHARAJAH OF DARBHANGAH: AN OPEN TOURING HOOPER BODY ON A ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS.

The body is polished aluminium and Nile blue.

test of skill was started, the prize being a Whippet "Four." Full particulars can be obtained by our readers from Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., Heaton Chapel, Stockport, Lancashire, England. I strongly advise folks to send a postcard asking for the instructions, as the penny stamp is all one pays for a very good opportunity to get an excellent all-weather car. There is plenty of time yet to apply. Mr. John N. Willys, by the way, is now U.S.A. Ambassador to Poland, so he has had to retire from active participation in the business. Consequently, Sir William Letts is the head of affairs of this British production, and the present model is distinctly Lancashire in its qualities—hard to beat.

Lancashire, by the way, has a display in London of another of its motor products: Crossley cars, built at Manchester. Special exhibitions of 1930

Crossleys are being held at Henlys, Ltd., at their Devonshire House show-rooms in Piccadilly, and by Shrimpton's Motors, Ltd., at their premises at 20, Conduit Street, W. Here are to be found a wide variety of Crossley models, from sports cars with ultra-tuned-up engines to luxurious limousines for state and family occasions.

Agricultural Hall Used-Motor Show:

While on the subject of exhibitions, I must not forget the "Used-Motor Show" now proceeding at the Royal Agricultural Hall, which was opened on Saturday last (May 17) by Mr. F. W. Lane, chairman of the Metropolitan Division of the Motor Agents' Association. This exhibition is open to the public daily from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., up to and including May 31. All the cars exhibited are good "vetted" second-hand vehicles, each carrying a certificate of its mechanical condition after being surveyed by two competent and well-recognised automobile engineers, Mr. G. Foster Pedley and Mr. Frank G. Cundy. This annual event grows in importance each year, as the sale of second-hand cars

is equal to three times that of new ones, even if the actual turnover in pounds sterling is much less than for new motors. At this Used-Motor Show alone, the sales at previous exhibitions have reached a total of £340,000. My impression of this affair is that one can get a well-conditioned "used" carriage at less than half the price of a new one, if the buyer takes a little trouble to inspect the stands at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington.

"Service and Repair" Depots.

If all users gave their cars the full attention machinery is supposed to

receive from its owner or his deputy, cars would last far too long—from the manufacturers' point of view. As it is, the present series of automobiles are good for seven to ten years, despite the neglect they get. At the same time, motor-makers in every part of the world realise that people will not bother to give the attention to cleaning and adjusting all the details of the mechanism once a week that they ought to do. Consequently, each manufacturer opens "service and repair" depots in all parts of the world to afford owners a chance to have the work on their cars properly carried out. For instance, owners of Standard cars in the London area will be interested to learn that the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., have recently opened a palatial new service and repair depot at Standard Road, Chase Estate, Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10, and have closed the inadequate premises they had in Pimlico for the same purpose. The new premises are equipped with an up-to-date plant, and specially built for the purpose of this work. There are convenient waiting-rooms for the owners and drivers, and every other facility for dealing quickly and efficiently with the cars as they come in. This applies alike to a minor adjustment or repair and to the major operation of rebuilding after a bad crash.

(Continued overleaf.)



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S NEW CAR: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S 25-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER SUNBEAM WITH SPECIAL WEYMANN LIMOUSINE BODY. The car was supplied to the Duke through the Car Mart, Ltd., Park Lane, W.1.

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Do., "Regal" Model	£418
"Braunston" SALOON	£368
Do., "Regal" Model	£418
SPORTSMAN'S COUPE	£368
Do., "Regal" Model	£410
SPORTSMAN'S SALOON	£368
Do., "Regal" Model	£410
COACHBUILT SALOON	£408
Do., "Regal" Model	£458
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(Continued.)

New Hydraulic Silent Clutch.

The leading improvement in motor-carriage design this year (at the moment of writing) is the new hydraulic clutch, or "fluid flywheel," fitted by the Daimler Motor Co., Ltd., to their "double six" 30-h.p. and 50-h.p. Daimler carriages. This hydraulic (oil) clutch is softer and smoother in its action than any electrical transmission-gear I have ever tested on motor-cars. By its means, the engine is always disconnected from the propeller-shaft and the gear-box until the motor's revolutions are quick enough to transform the fluid (oil) in the flywheel casing into a solid or semi-solid mass by the pressure. Without entering upon its constructional technical details, the ordinary motorist can easily understand how this happens if he considers that when one dives into water at a reasonable speed, one slips into it without hurting oneself. But if one strikes water at a high velocity, it is like hitting a solid mass of brickwork. When the engine speeds up, the oil becomes more and more a solid mass as the speed increases; so the slip decreases until there is none at all. I drove a 30-h.p. "double six" Daimler fitted with this hydraulic clutch right through London on top gear without once needing any other ratio, whether halted in traffic or while the car waited outside my house.

Creeping on Top Gear.

When the engine idles at low speeds, the slip is sufficient to prevent the car moving with the hand-brake on. On entering the driving seat, the pilot simply takes off the hand-brake, and the car then begins to creep forward in top gear at less than a yard a second. I took the trouble to time 63 yards on the level ground to prove this. At the same time, one has only to press down the accelerator to pick up speed quickly, according to the extent of

open road available, as this 30-h.p. "double six" Daimler can attain a speed of 50, 60, or 70 miles an hour in a very few seconds. Twelve miles across London's busiest and most crowded streets proved to me that this "hydraulic clutch" will be fitted on every high-class car within a few years. It is quite inexpensive to make, and simple to maintain in order.



PHOTOGRAPHED DURING A STIFF TEST AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTH WALES: ONE OF THE NEW ROVER METEORS—A SPORTSMAN'S SALOON—ON THE FAMOUS BWLCH-Y-GROES.

During the test, the car behaved perfectly.

It does not pretend to take the place of the gear-box, but one can change up or down much easier with it than with the ordinary clutch. Unless the driver wishes to change gear, the clutch-pedal is never used by the driver, either to start the car from rest or when halting it. You simply put on the brake to stop, and leave it on, either letting the engine idle or stopping it altogether if the halt is to be

for some long period of time. For all normal conditions the gear-lever may be left in the top, or direct, gear, as the hydraulic clutch, built in one unit with the flywheel, disengages from acting on the transmission to the road wheels when the engine speed falls below 600 revolutions per minute.

Clutch Details.

The clutch actually consists of two rotors placed in close proximity in an oil-tight casing bolted to the flywheel. There is no mechanical connection between the two rotors, but when relative rotation occurs, the oil contained in the casing is forced to flow through a series of cups in the rotors. The higher the speed of the engine the more does the oil object to being churned around, and the smaller is the slip between the rotors. One rotor is driven by the engine, as already explained, and the other is attached to shaft transmitting power to the gear-box and propeller-shaft. When the engine speed is fast enough, the oil becomes "solid," and so makes a direct drive (like the magnetic drive in the old British Ensign or Magnetic car), without actually having any mechanical link from the engine except the oil under pressure. This latter, too, is so slight that the oil does not over-heat or waste to any great degree. Present owners of "double six" 30-h.p. Daimlers can have this hydraulic clutch fitted on their cars if they wish. Personally, I hope that many different types of cars will have this easy-driving gadget fitted to them, even if it should in consequence become necessary to pay the Daimler Motor Co. a license fee for its use, as I fancy that the smaller cars would benefit from such a device even more than the large and powerful carriages on which it is at present fitted.

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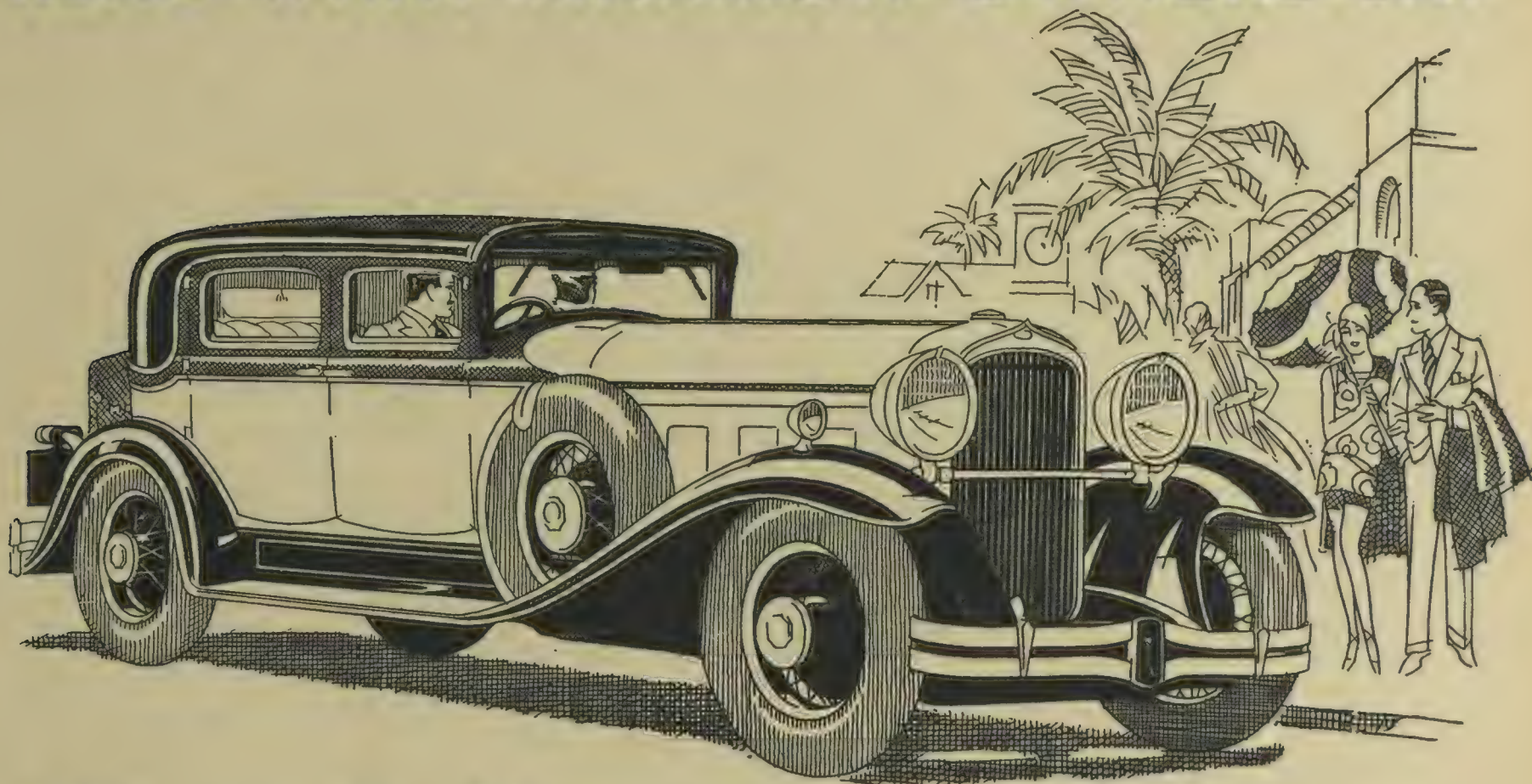
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THE DEVELOPMENT OF HOLIDAY CRUISING.

THE pioneer of holiday cruising as it exists to-day was the Orient Line, a company always to the fore in the development of sea travel. In about the year 1886 this line arranged the first pleasure cruises. Judged by to-day's standards of comfort and design, the ships engaged in the service were veritable cockleshells in comparison with the lordly 20,000-ton Orient liners of the day. The *Chimborazo*, of 3847 tons register, was the ocean steamer chosen by the Orient

to make passengers feel at home. There are no irksome regulations, and the social life is typical of that enjoyed at any well-appointed hotel.

This season's Orient programme is particularly interesting. On June 21 the S.S. *Orontes* leaves Immingham for Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo, and other places of interest, the whole trip lasting twenty

weary, and a visit to so interesting a country is worth every penny spent upon it.

The northern capitals—Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm—rich in their Runic relics, possess a type of architecture and culture peculiarly their own, and, with surroundings so utterly unlike those of the cities of Southern and Central Europe, are particularly fascinating, while within the waters of the Norwegian fjords all is peace; scarce a ripple disturbs the surface; the indolently inclined can admire the ever-changing scenery from the depths of a comfortable chair. For the more vigorous, there are deck games, dancing,



THE CHARM OF NORWAY, AS SEEN FROM AN ORIENT LINER DURING A HOLIDAY CRUISE: THE TOWN OF NAES, AT THE FOOT OF SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS.

Company to initiate pleasure cruising, but, as the idea caught on and traffic developed, larger ships were employed, and in her turn the famous Orient Liner *Ophir*, the ship that carried the present King and Queen when, as Duke and Duchess of York, they went on their world tour, was scheduled for the service.

For the holiday-cruise traffic for this year the Orient Line have scheduled the S.S. *Orford* and S.S. *Orontes* and *Otranto*, three of their latest mail steamers. These are vessels of 20,000 tons, luxuriously and comfortably appointed. Every room has a window or port-hole; there are fine public rooms, vast decks available for exercise and recreation (the boat deck alone has an area of 16,500 square feet), and delightful open-air swimming-pools. Everything possible is done



TYPICAL OF THE COMFORTS AND AMENITIES OF A HOLIDAY CRUISE IN AN ORIENT LINER: THE CAFÉ ABOARD THE R.M.S. "ORONTES."

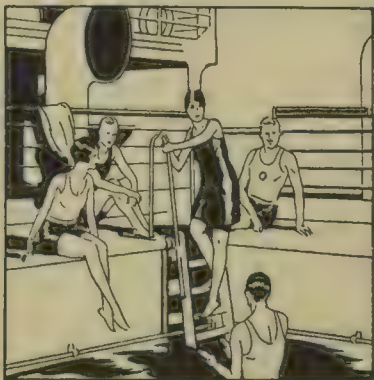
days, accommodation costing from 30 guineas upwards. On July 5, 12, 19, 26, Aug. 2, 9, and 16, either the *Orontes* or *Orford*, on cruises of between twenty or thirteen days, the cost varying with the period, and in September the *Orford*, which is at present cruising in the Mediterranean, will make a four-weeks cruise to Venice, Dalmatian coast ports, Greece, etc. Norway is a delightful country, and the Orient Line cruises to the fjords and northern capitals have a strong appeal to holiday-makers. Its air is a tonic to the work-



"WITHIN THE WATERS OF THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS ALL IS PEACE": A SCENE DURING AN ORIENT LINER'S HOLIDAY CRUISE, NEAR BALHOLM, AT THE MOUTH OF THE ESSEFJORD.

and the ever-popular swimming-pool. So far as the Norwegian fjords are concerned, much can be seen of the glaciers, waterfalls, and natural beauties from the steamer deck, but there are also many opportunities for delightful excursions on land, transport between ship and shore being maintained free of charge.

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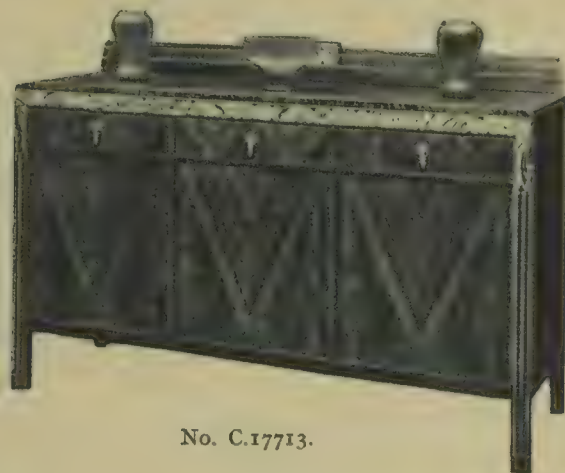
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THE ECONOMIC CRISIS AND THE MORAL CRISIS.

(Continued from Page 932.)

why, with the exception of Russia, it was nowhere followed by a period of horrible misery like the wars of the Revolution and the Empire. The bloodiest war in history did not end in starvation, but in a general crisis of over-production. It is the first time this prodigy has been produced in the history of the world. We have succeeded in making the destructive sledge-hammer of war an instrument of production. From the economic point of view the World War had not been the cataclysm that was dreaded. Was it the same from the moral point of view? With its hyperbolic consumption, did not the war accustom the world to a facility in making money which was all the more dangerous because it was generally misunderstood?

Nearly everyone is persuaded that since 1914 we have lived in difficult times. That is true of internal and external politics, but it is not true of business. Up to 1927, everywhere, in America as well as in Europe, demand was greater than supply; all merchandise found purchasers without any difficulty; prices did not cease to rise; there was no unemployment excepting in England and Germany; salaries could be increased without too much anxiety; profits were easy and abundant. Even in the two great industrial countries of England and Germany, who had lost part of their customers during the war, business was, on the whole, more abundant, easy, and lucrative than before the war. But all these facilities of this new Golden Age have disappeared during the last two years of artificial over-consumption. Industry and agriculture must work to obtain their markets as they did before 1914, for they can no longer get the increased prices which were growing yearly. The difficulty will be even greater because the cost of production has increased. The taxes, for instance, are at least double everywhere.

There are to-day in industry, agriculture, and commerce two generations. The older generation, who worked before the war, know all the difficulties of the Iron Age into which we find ourselves plunged back after an artificial Golden Age. If they had become accustomed to the facilities which overtook us with the war, at least they never laboured under the delusion

Golden Age which began in the middle of the carnage. To go back to the difficulties of the former age will demand a greater effort from the younger generation than the older one. A second apprenticeship to life—the real one—is beginning for them. That is why the economic crisis is combined with a moral crisis, which makes it more painful, but will prove a salutary test.

The paradoxical facilities of the war have slightly deranged the spiritual balance of our time. It is in them that the marvellous moral spring of 1914 lost itself and weakened. At the outset of the war the spirit of the world understood that a terrible crisis was beginning for the Western World, that a violent storm was threatening to carry off the moral bases of social order; that a supreme effort must be made to save them. But when the war was prolonged and became more complicated, then sentiment, instead of gathering force, became more feeble, and at the end of the war it completely died out. Caught up in the whirlwinds of so many easy and lucrative activities, the spirit of the world contracted a superficial optimism, was in a fever for immediate results, and had a horror of long-sustained efforts which complicated still more the difficulties created by the war. Many of the problems created by the war are insoluble, because the spirit of all the countries concerned does not grasp their existence. One would imagine that, despite the enormous changes, the world is making a despairing effort to become again what it was in 1914.

The economic crisis from which the world is suffering is only the definite revelation of reality to the world such as it has become sixteen years after the World War began. By coming once more into contact with reality, men will at last understand the necessity for efforts and sacrifices which, up till now, they have endeavoured to evade. And the world can only gain by it from the material and moral point of view.



A BEAUTY SPOT GIVEN TO THE NATION: WOODS IN THE FAMOUS AVON GORGE, NEAR BRISTOL. The late Sir George Wills gave the National Trust the greater part of the Leigh Woods in the famous Avon Gorge. Now his brother, Mr. Melville Wills, has presented another part of the woods. This is seen on the right of the river.

that the Iron Age had been transformed suddenly and forever into the Golden Age. But the younger generation have known only the exceptional facilities of the fallacious

till now, they have endeavoured to evade. And the world can only gain by it from the material and moral point of view.



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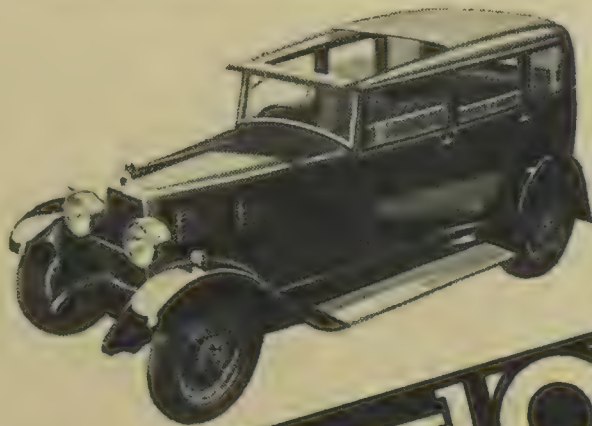


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MARINE CARAVANNING.—LXXXII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON, R.N.

THERE is little doubt that sails will outlive steam for propelling vessels, and yachts in particular. Internal-combustion engines have taken the place of steam engines in almost all the new yacht tonnage during the past few years, because they not only require less space, thus permitting more accommodation, but they are also more economical in fuel. These two points cover practically all their advantages over the modern steam-turbine.

As there are many who are ignorant of the way in which a turbine works, it may be as well to mention, before going further, that it is nothing more than a wheel with many paddles (blades) that fits closely inside a cylinder and is blown (and in practice also sucked) round by steam jets situated within the walls of the cylinder. On to the axle of this wheel is fitted the propeller-shaft, though in many cases a reduction-gear is fitted in between in order to increase the efficiency of the propeller. It will be seen, therefore, that this turbine wheel—or rotor, as it is called—revolves evenly and silently with a constant motion that produces no liability of vibration except that afforded by the propeller. So wonderfully simple and reliable are these engines that they will run hard for four years or more in large ocean-going ships without having to be opened up for inspection. This is more than can be claimed by the best Diesel or other internal-combustion engine, for its whole system of operation is founded on a succession of jerks, as with all engines that employ pistons that work up and down in cylinders. During each revolution the piston rises to the top of its stroke, then stops before it reverses its direction of travel, and must stop again at the bottom, and so on. It is constantly changing its direction, in other words, and

this means that the various parts wear out more quickly and that more noise and vibration are created in consequence.

In view of the extended cruising for which she has been designed by Messrs. G. L. Watson and Co. (the firm that designed his Majesty's yacht *Britannia*), it seems probable that the new twin-screw yacht *Nahlin* has been fitted with steam-turbines as the type least likely to give trouble or cause vibration. It is an unusual course to take even in these days when, as in her case, engines of 4000-h.p. are necessary.



THE 1600-TON TWIN-SCREW STEAM-YACHT "NAHLIN."

This fine vessel was designed by Messrs. G. L. Watson and Co., and recently launched from the yard of Messrs. John Brown and Co. for a lady owner. She will be palatially fitted, and has been designed specially for world cruises.

She was launched from the yard of Messrs. John Brown and Co. last month, and, when completed, will have a yacht-tonnage of 1600 tons. She will be rigged as a pole-masted schooner, and has a clipper bow and a long counter-stern. This is another unusual feature in these days, when many modern designers look on long overhangs of this sort as useless weight in the wrong place. Overhangs make a far more beautiful vessel, of course, but apart from this they have their uses. I often wonder whether any of those who dislike them have made the passage from Cape Town to Australia along Lat. 45 deg. north, both in a

straight-stemmed cruiser type sterned ship and also in one that has overhangs. I have done it in two ships of practically the same tonnage, and I know that I preferred the comfort of the latter.

The *Nahlin* has a length of 300 ft. over all and a beam of 36 ft., with a depth to her main deck of 21 ft. Two water-tube and two auxiliary boilers are fitted, with a working pressure of 250 lb., whilst she has exceptionally large water and oil-fuel tanks in order to give her a wide radius of action. She will carry six boats that are being built by Messrs. Robertson,

of Sandbank. The owner's launch, which is a 30-ft. vessel, is practically a motor-cruiser, for it will have two cabins with electric light and a 30-h.p. Thornycroft engine. It should prove a most useful craft, for there are so many beauty-spots in the world fortunately still devoid of shore accommodation that cannot be reached by a large yacht. If, however, a motor-cruiser is carried that is fitted for the purpose, the possibilities of trips away from the yacht for several days are immense, and they will relieve the monotony, if it exists, of life on board. It is far more enjoyable than a day's dash up some shallow river and back in a fast boat. The whole outfit of boats for this yacht appears to have

been well thought out by someone, for even the two 23-ft. lifeboats have centre-plates to improve their sailing qualities. The interior decorations are, of course, not completed, but as the owner, who is a lady, has proved in so many other ways that she knows how a yacht should be fitted outwardly, and has also enlisted the ripe experience of Sir Charles Allom in connection with the decorations, there is every likelihood that they will be in keeping with everything else in this very fine vessel, which is a credit already to all concerned, and I hope will be a joy to her owner.

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"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN" AT COVENT GARDEN.

MANY critics esteem "Der Fliegende Holländer" higher than any other of Wagner's early operas, and its present production at Covent Garden drew a full house on the first night. The outstanding feature of the performance was the superb artistry of Friedrich Schorr as the Dutchman. The whole success of this opera depends upon the singer who fills the rôle, for it calls for an actor of strong personality, able to give a powerful and sinister character to the part. What is so exceptional in Mr. Schorr's performance is the combination of a majestic and sombre dignity of mien with a command of dramatically significant gesture, with beautiful cantabile singing and varied tone-colour.

Ivar Andresen, who took the part of Daland, has a magnificent voice and acted well, but he has not got an absolute certainty of pitch; and this is a defect which is even more marked in Rudolf Laubenthal, whose Erik was otherwise a fine piece of work. Mr. Laubenthal has a magnificent voice, and it is therefore all the more regrettable that he should have got into the habit of so forcing it that both tone and intonation suffer. The Senta of Bella Fortner-Halbaerth was sympathetic, but her middle register is rather weak, and the ballad in the second act suffered from her inadequate command of a smooth cantabile style. Mr. Parry Jones was excellent as the Steersman, and sang the famous song in the first act as well as I have ever heard it sung by any German tenor. The production was efficient, and Mr. Robert Heger, who conducted, obtained a vigorous and good ensemble from the orchestra and singers.

We regret to find that, owing to a photographer's mistake, an illustration in our issue of May 17 was incorrectly described as showing the famous Shwe Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon, whose roof was damaged in the recent earthquake. Our photograph was of another building at Rangoon—the Soolay Pagoda.

A cruise to the Mediterranean at exceptionally low rates has been arranged by the Blue Star Line to mark the first anniversary of its entry into pleasure cruising. The *Arandora Star*, will sail on June 18 for a 14-day cruise to Gibraltar, Tangier, Spain, and the Balearic Islands. The fares for this 3500-mile cruise vary from 24 guineas, or less than 2d. a mile inclusive.

CHESS.

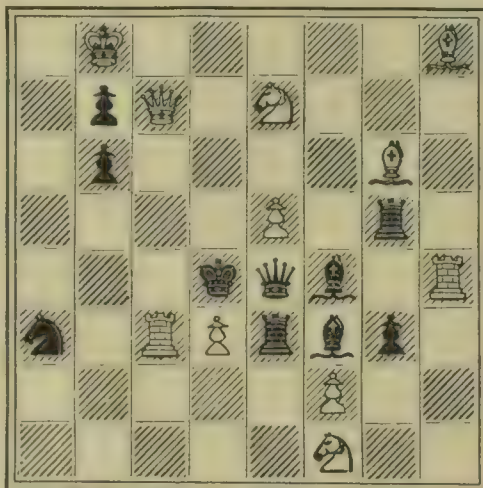
CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresh House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4068. (By NORRIS EASTER, BANSTEAD.)
[8; KzP4; 3RzQ1; p3k2s; r3S3; pS3Q1; 2R5; Bzr3—in two.]
Keymove: KKt—B5 [Se4—c5]; threat 2. Kt×QP mate.
If 1. — QQ5, 2. RK2 mate; if 1. — R×R (self-block), 2. QKt5; if 1. — KtB3, 2. Q×Kt.

The strategic point of this fine problem is the change-mate from 1. — QQ5ch, 2. RB5, with interference of Rd1; to 1. — QQ5ch, 2. RK2, with interference of Ra4. There is also a very pretty mate after the self-block, and a very close try by 1. R×Q, defeated only by Rc4 or Rd5. We cannot do better than quote Mr. Edward Boswell, who says: "This change is a brilliant example of what can be done with the keymove of a modern problem, and shows the amazing strides that have been taken by the problem-composing art. This idea seems to me to be entirely original."

PROBLEM No. 4070. (By NORRIS EASTER, BANSTEAD.)
BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (11 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: rK5B; rPQ1S3; rP4B1; 4P1rr; 3kqb1R; s1R1Prbpx; 5P2; 5S2.]

White to play and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4066 received from C H Batley (Providence, N.J.); of No. 4067 from J W Smedley (Brooklyn); of No. 4068 from Julio Mond (Seville), L W Cafferata (Newark), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), H Richards (Hove), Senex (Darwen), M Heath (London), and A Carington Smith (Quebec); and of No. 4069 from L W Cafferata (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XXXIX from Geo. Parbury (Singapore); of No. XLI. from L W Cafferata (Newark), H Richards (Hove), David Hamblen (Newton, Mass.), and J W Smedley (Brooklyn); and of No. XLII. from L W Cafferata.

HOW THE DEVIL WAS CAUGHT.

Isidor Gunsberg might be cited as an example of the hygienic value of Chess, since he lived to be an octogenarian, and a particularly hale and alert one at that. He had many sterling qualities, but modesty was not his strong suit—at least, that was the opinion of his contemporary rivals. A reader has suggested that we publish one of the games he played as "Mephisto," the chess automaton, and, to give the devil his due, we select one which he lost, and published in his own column fifty years ago!

(Algaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mephisto.)	BLACK (F. Edmonds.)	WHITE (Mephisto.)	BLACK (F. Edmonds.)
1. PK4	PK4	11.	QO3
There seems something wrong about the devil with the White pieces.		12. B×P	Kt×B
2. PKB4	P×P	13. P×Kt	QKt6ch
3. KtKB3	PKK4	14. KB1	KtB1
4. PKR4	PK15	15. KtB3	
5. KtKt5	KtKR3	Not 15. KtQ2, KtK4!	
Lucifer disparages this move, but fails to strike the right line in reply.		15.	Castles (QR)
6. BB4		16. KtQ5	R×Kt!
PK4 is better here, as, if 6. — PKB3; 7. B×BP, P×Kt; 8. B×P or P×P.		17. P×R	KtQ3!
6. PK4		18. PB3	PKB4!
PKB3 would have been a useful pentacle.		19. PKt5	RK1!
7. B×QP	BKt2	With Plutonic friendship, Nicholas here compares his tormentor to Morphy!	
8. PQ3	PKB3	20. P×Kt	B×P
9. KtK6	B×Kt	21. QK2	
10. B×B	PB6	Satan notoriously never quite knew where to put the ladies, but any other square is as bad, and the threat on f2 is the very deuce.	
11. P×P		21.	R×Q
Beelzebub would have taken no notice of the stinging little pawns, and continued 11. B×Kt, B×B (QO3 here leads to nothing); 12. P×P, QO3; 13. B×P, QKt6ch; 14. KB1.		22. K×R	QKt7ch
		And Mephisto went back to Bristone Hall, Styx-Ferry Road.	

No visitor to Burlington House this season should omit to acquire a copy of "The Royal Academy Illustrated," published by Walter Judd, Ltd. (by authority of the Royal Academy) at 2s. 6d. As in former years, this annual volume gives reproductions—lavish in quantity and excellent in quality—of the best paintings and sculptures to be seen in the exhibition. The paintings selected comprise portraits, landscapes, "subject" pictures (classic and otherwise), street scenes, interiors, and so on. The volume, in fact, is thoroughly representative, and forms at once a useful guide, indicating what the prospective visitor should look out for, and a delightful souvenir for reference after the visit. As a pictorial record of the 1930 Academy, the book is remarkably cheap. It is on sale at the principal booksellers', or copies can be obtained direct from the publishers at 47, Gresham Street, London, E.C.2.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MAGDA," AT THE NEW.

IT is a little difficult for the younger generation to appreciate the excitement thirty-five years ago, when Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse played the rôle of Magda in the same week—one at Daly's and the other at Drury Lane. Nor is it easy to accept even Bernard Shaw's implied assumption that the play is a classic masterpiece. The study of home life in a small garrison town in Germany is probably true enough of the period. Colonel Schwartzes are not wholly extinct even in these days, when daughters have got beyond the "revolting" stage. There are still fathers who consider that the whole duty of a daughter is to say "Yes, papa," and "No, papa"; and, though they are no longer compelled to sit about, only a little less useless than the china ornaments their mothers washed in the drawing-room, any divergence from parental opinion is properly reprimanded. Colonel Schwartze, with his *entourage* of spinster daughter, crushed wife, foolish sister, and dull-witted comrades, rings true enough, but the character of Magda herself does not. One feels that a world-famous *prima donna*, after seventeen years' absence from home, would not fall beneath her father's domination again, nor at his command consent to abandon her career and marry the man who had seduced her in her teens. For this reason, though the first two acts were extremely interesting, the last two failed to grip; the spectacle of the semi-paralysed Colonel staggering off, duelling pistols in hand, to "compel" Dr. von Keller, a petty politician, to make "an honest woman" of a world-famous singer seemed a trifle ludicrous. Mr. George Merritt, as the father, gave a very fine performance: he was an outrageously opinionated and selfish old man, but you did believe in him. Good, too, was Mr. W. Earle Grey as von Keller, a Continental type of seducer it is hard to believe in in England. Miss Gwen Frangcon-Davies was delightfully natural as Magda—too natural, perhaps, for the final scenes, when she has to behave with an excess of filial abnegation. The fault is probably the play's, but it must be confessed that Miss Frangcon-Davies's Magda is not comparable with her Nora of "A Doll's House"—an infinitely better play, of course.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

With all the icy emphasis of italics, Sir Nigel Playfair announces on his programme that "*in no circumstances*" can this opera be given again at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Does this mean that on another revival it will be seen at Drury Lane, where it was produced in 1738, 1747, and 1777? Or will it be done at Covent Garden, where it was staged in 1745, 1789, and 1878? Judging by the applause with which this revival was greeted, playgoers will not permit Macheath to vanish from the stage when he has made his last bow at Hammersmith! It is conceivable that in fifty years' time Mr. Frederick Ranaow will be strutting through his part at our National Theatre. The zest he brings to it is amazing. One can scarcely believe that he has played it for something approaching two thousand performances. The opera is as freshly produced as ever. Sir Nigel Playfair and his staff undoubtedly believe in the slogan: "Every night a first night."

"A CASEMENT OPENING ON THE FOAM OF PERILOUS SEAS."

(Continued from Page 940.)

expel the water and air through this funnel and shoot himself backward like a rocket, fifty to a hundred feet, almost faster than the eye can follow him." Mr. Berge found a way of trapping octopuses in bamboo cages and putting them into pools for observation. "The beasts act as if rage was their normal state. . . . I've seen one eating his own arms, dashing against coral, biting himself or anything else in a frenzy which makes human rages appear gentle."

Mr. Berge contrived to introduce snarks into the octopus's prison. The writer fought with a shark under water, searing it away with a knife-thrust. He describes the habits of the more ferocious kinds, and their technique in attack: "The tiger shark has a mouth that can snap at any angle." But compared with the octopus the shark seems almost amiable. In a duel between them, the former always wins. "The end is always the same: the great shark, with this fleshy ball still fast to his neck, sinks down to the bottom. . . . The octopus gets a couple of his anchors out, and appears to strangle his enemy. I can only suppose his sucker-armed nooses shut off the shark's gill flaps and force him to drown himself. I've never seen any marks of the powerful beak on the shark's throat, though the rips of the suckers are sometimes visible. There's no attempt to eat him when he's dead. His job is done."

These are the more sensational incidents connected with pearl-fishing. The industry itself—which, distributed over the globe, employs a hundred thousand men—has a prosaic side. It is a sound financial investment, for though pearls, especially large ones, are uncertain in their appearance, anyone who knows his job can always find shell; and shell, except in certain areas—Ceylon and the Persian Gulf—is as valuable in the long run as pearls. The assurance of being able to find shell exerts a steadying influence on the entire industry. Statistics show that the world "output" of shell is worth a little less than half the output of pearls (three and a-half million dollars to eight million). This is because more than half the world's supply of pearls comes from the Persian Gulf and Ceylon, where the mother-of-pearl is practically worthless. In the Pacific Islands, on the other hand, the shell is twice as valuable as the pearls.

Mr. Berge devotes several chapters to explaining the technicalities of pearl-diving, distinguishing between the products of the various beds, discussing notable individual pearls, tracing the fashions in colour which have influenced the latter-day history of the jewel. Pearl-diving with apparatus is usually carried on at a depth not exceeding twenty fathoms, though individual divers have got as low as 300 feet. Skin divers, extraordinary to relate, can penetrate to a depth of 120 feet and "send up a surprising amount of shell" before the three minutes (which is the longest time a man can stay under water) is expired. As a rule, unless the oyster can attach itself to something fixed and hard, it dies. Beds are not stripped, since only five-inch shells are considered worth taking. Black pearls were not prized until the Empress Eugénie wore them; now, together with "the rare greenish-black, the rosy, and the cream," they are the most sought after of all. Dead whites and miscellaneous shades are not worth the trouble of gathering. The high-water mark of value in pearls was possibly reached last year, when a native diver in the Persian Gulf was reported to have found a specimen weighing fifty grains and valued at £50,000. A man on the boat, astounded at the idea of so much money coming to his share, went mad.

A little inclined to be histrionic in its attitude towards human beings and the jewels which adorn them, "Pearl Diver" is none the less an instructive and entertaining book.

L. P. H.

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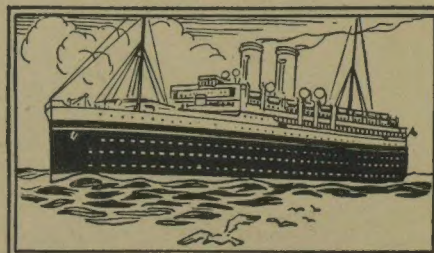
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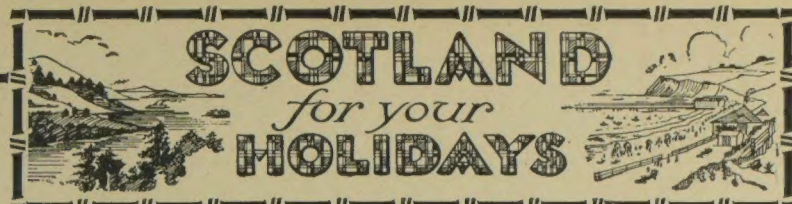
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